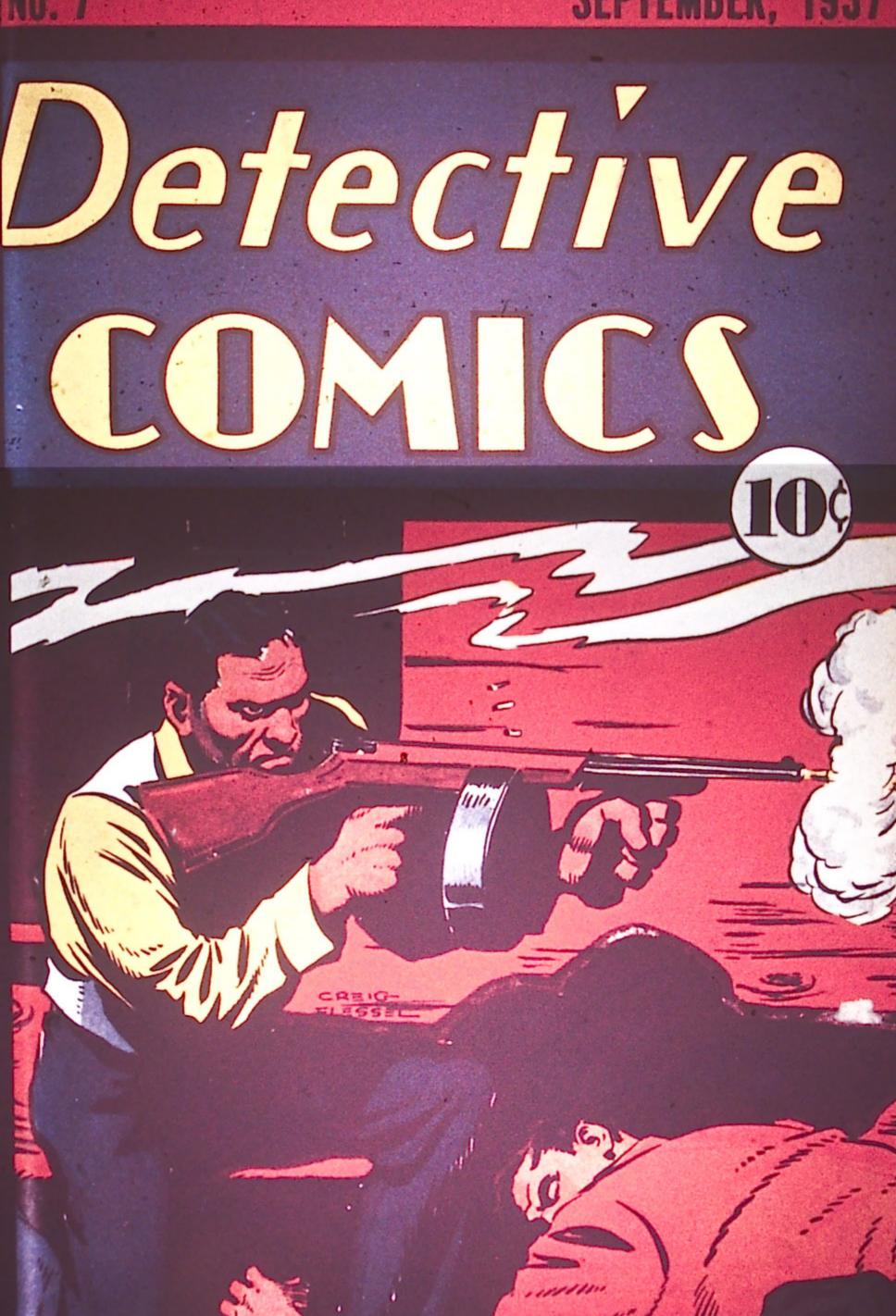
SEPTEMBER, 1937



DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON Editor and Publisher VINCENT A. SULLIVAN F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

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Hello, Fans:

Here's another issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, the magazine that gives you the kind of fast-action cartoons you really go for!

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COSMO, BUCK MARSHALL, LARRY STEELE, WS
OF THE RED DRAGON and SPY are with us again to with
their usual full quota of thrills and adventure.

We know you'll like 'em.

Yours,

THE EDITORS

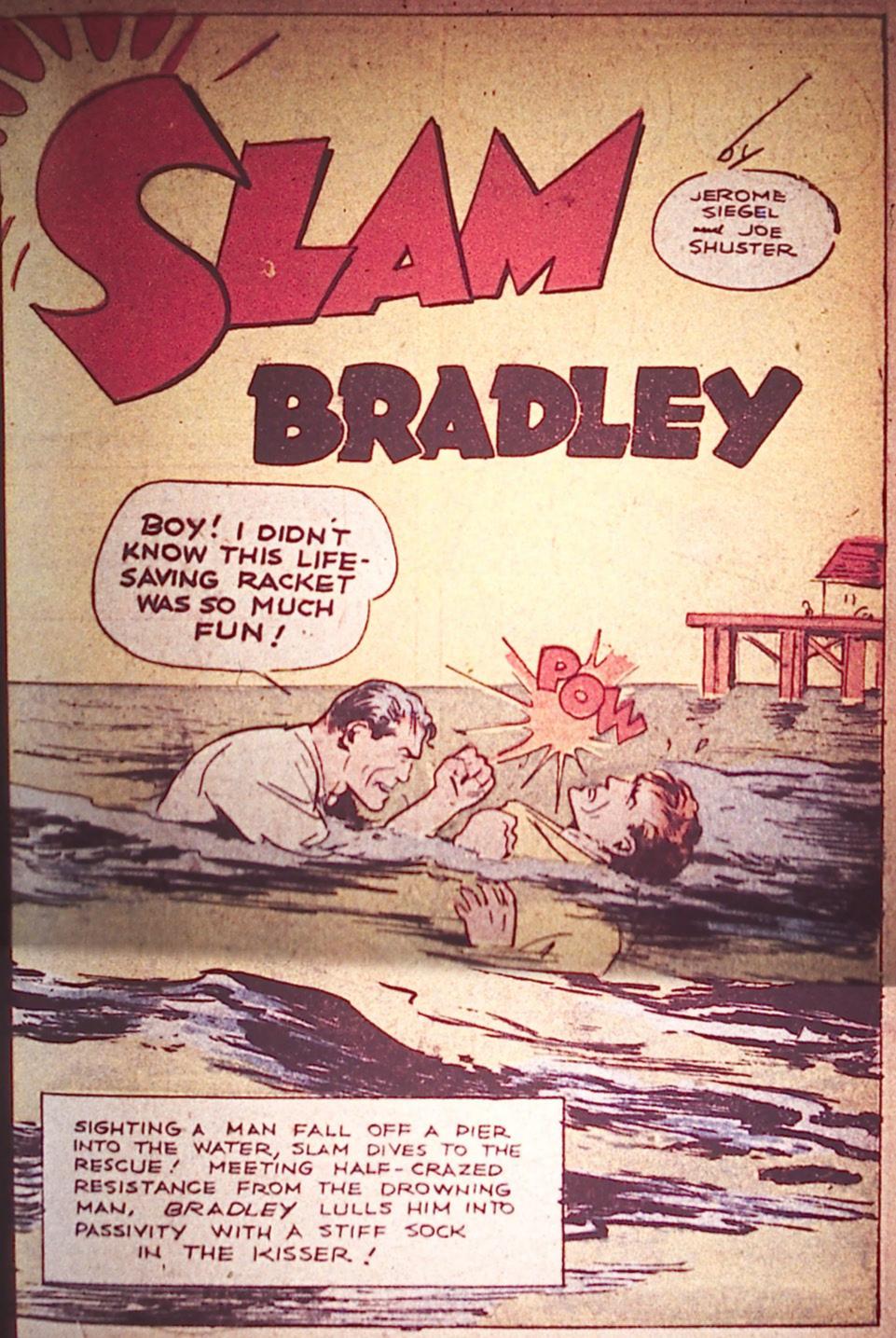
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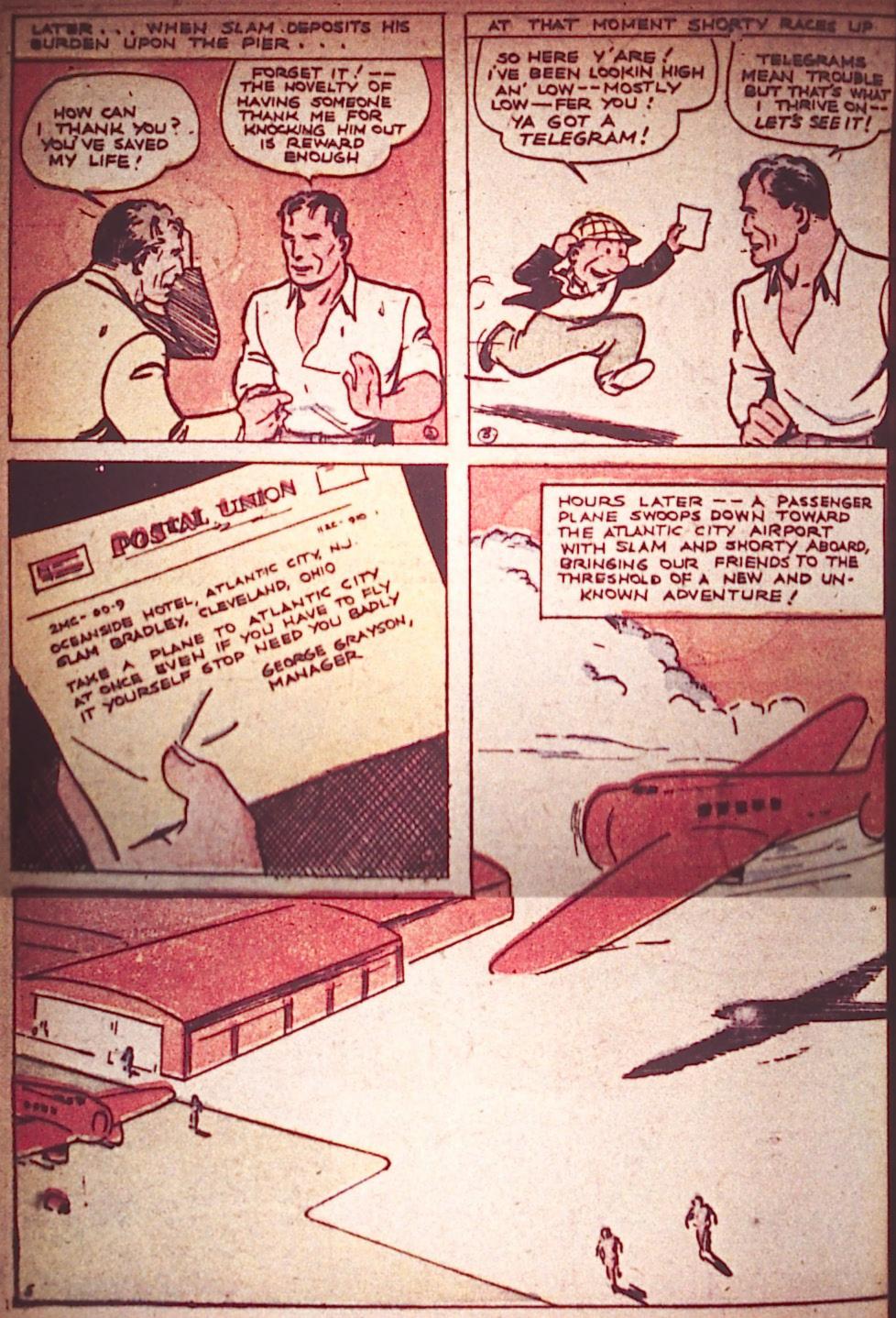
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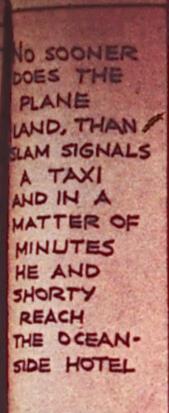
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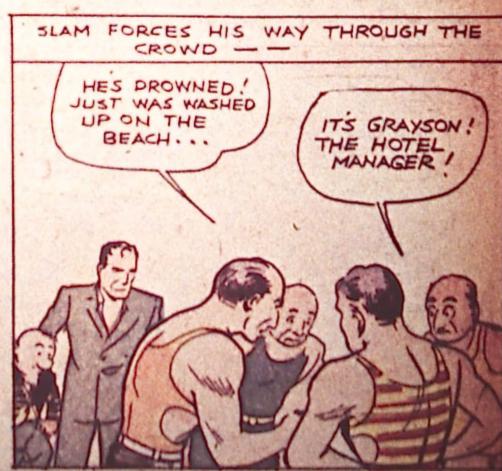


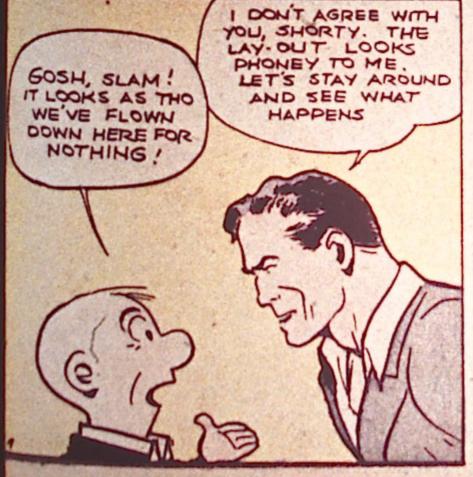






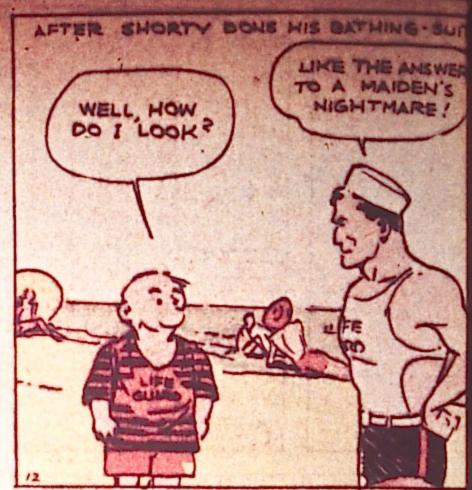




















THANK YOU --MALL RIGHT, ON--GUESS IM OT MUCH OF A SWIMMER --

ILL SAY YOU ARENT! FOR DIZZY DAMES LIKE YOU, GUYS LIKE ME WOULD BE OUT OF A JOB

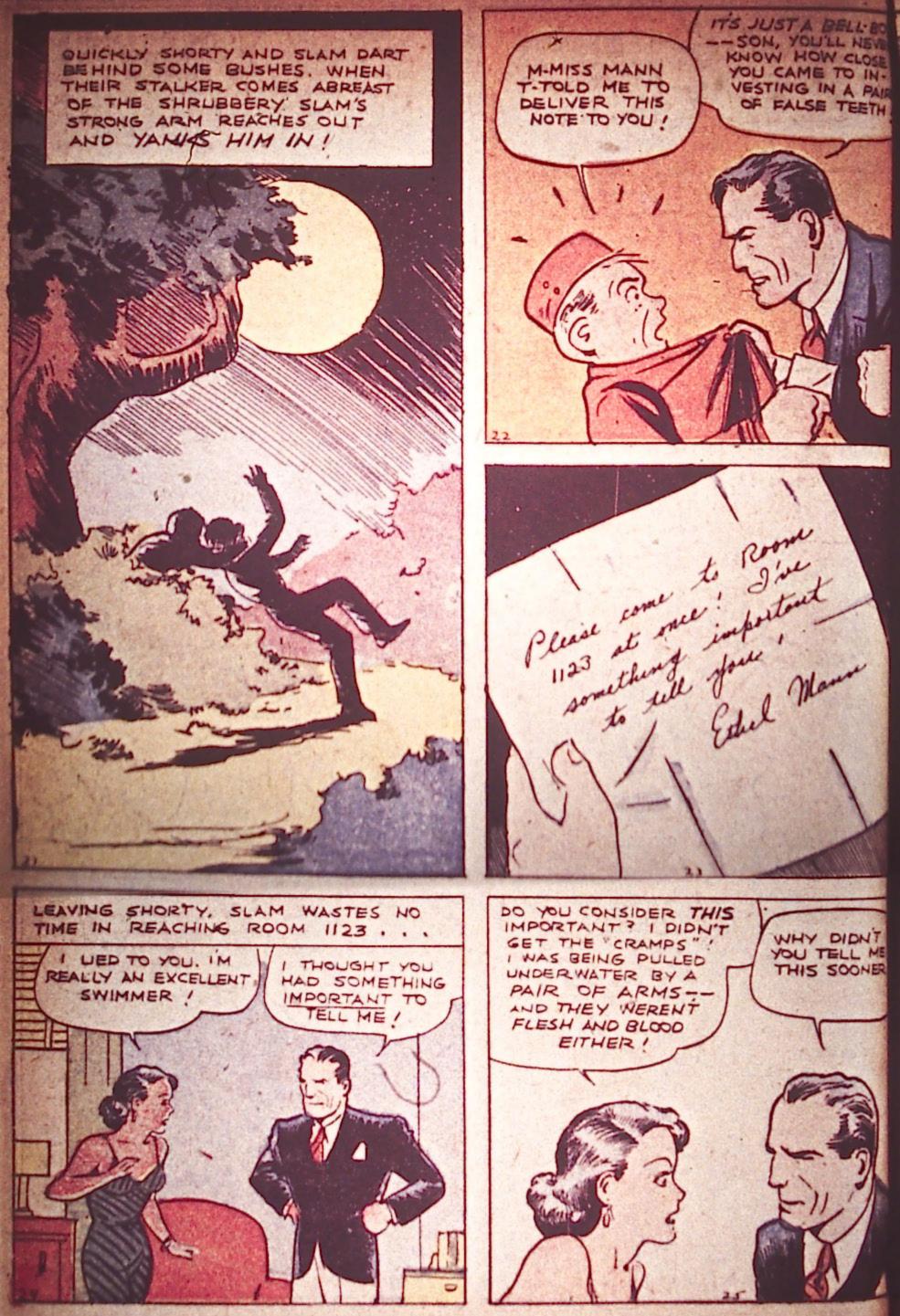


MAY I HAVE EXCUSE ME. IM YOUR NAME FOR THE RECORDS ? GOING TO MY ROOM AND REST.













FURTHER! IM A FAMOUS
DETECTIVE AN' I'M DOWN
HERE TO SOLVE A COUPLE
MYSTERIOUS MURDERS!



UNDOUBTEDLY SHORTY WOULD NOT HAVE SPOKEN SO GLIBLY HAD HE BEEN AWARE OF THE MONSTROUS, FORMLESS SHADOW LISTENING INTENTLY TO HIS EVERY WORD!



HE COURSE OF SHORTY'S STROLL TAKES HIM ALONG THE BEACH

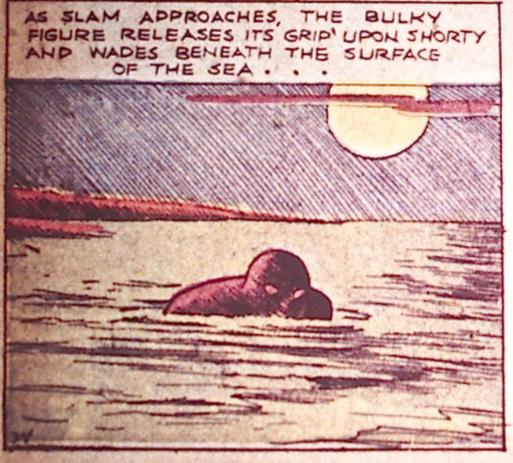
THE WEIRD
THE WEIRD
THE WEIRD
THE WEIRD
THAT
AD OVERHEARD
HIS SPEECH
EAPS UPON
THORTY AND
OMMENCES
O DRAG HIM
TOWARD THE
WAVES !!



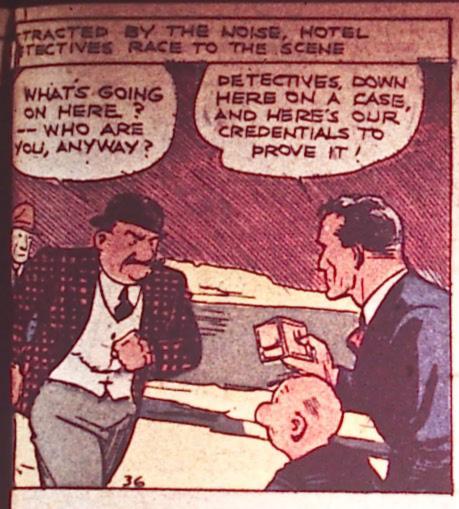


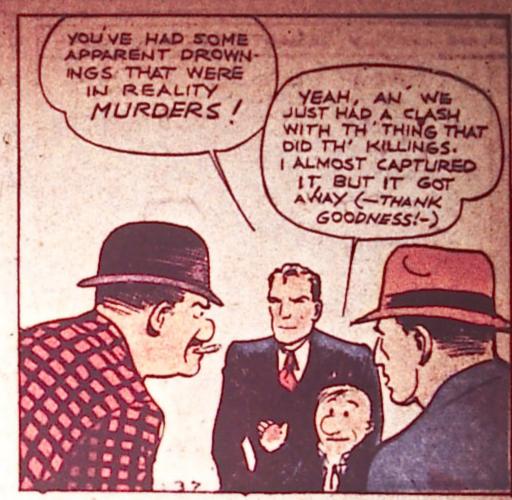












EXT MORNING

TAM, SHORTY,

AND ETHEL

MANN,

NOTOR BOAT

OUT TO

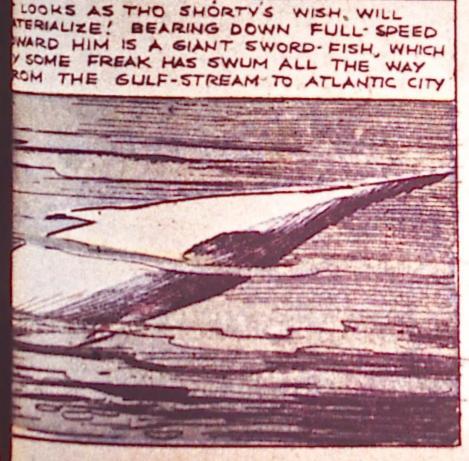
THE SPOT

NHERE SHE.

AD. BEEN

SBIZED.

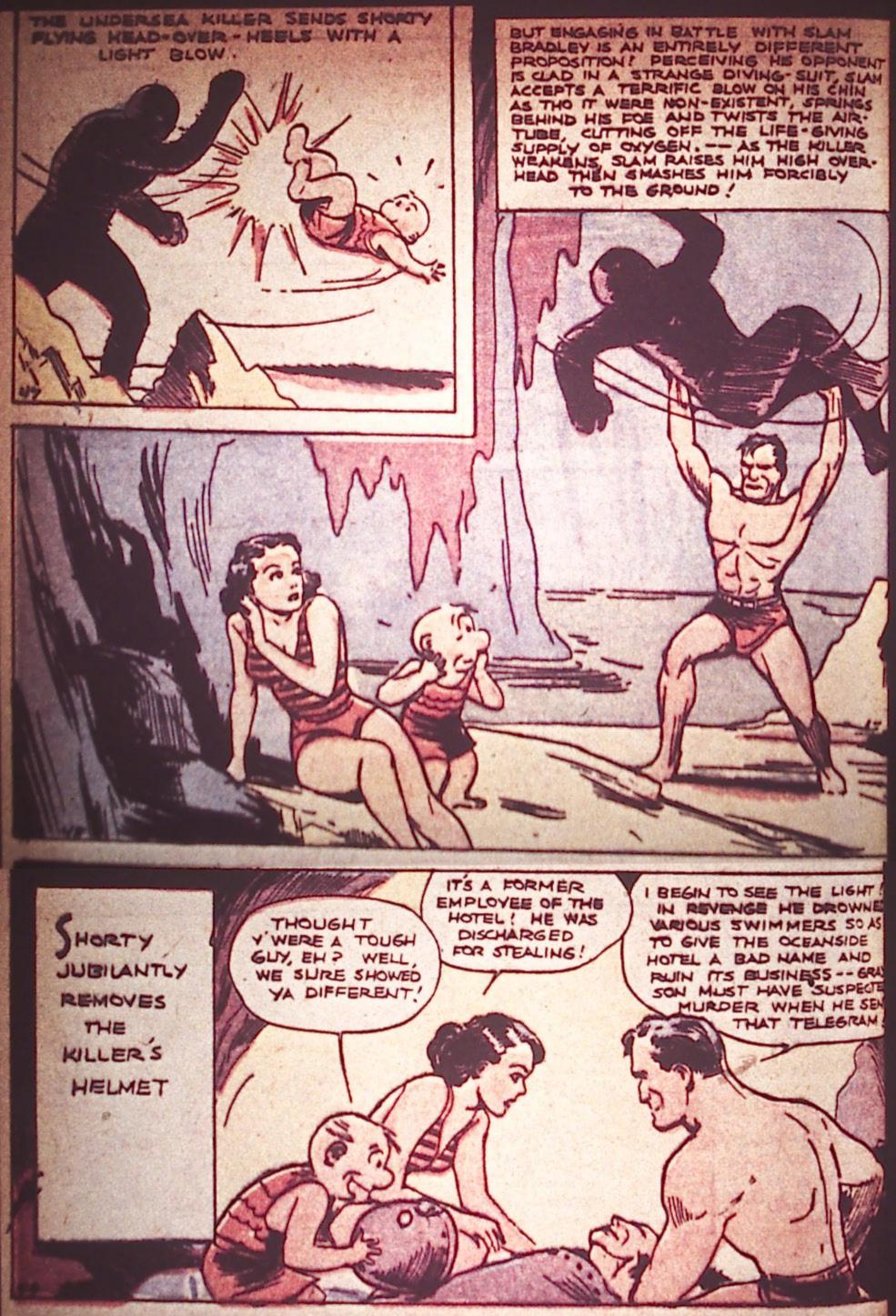






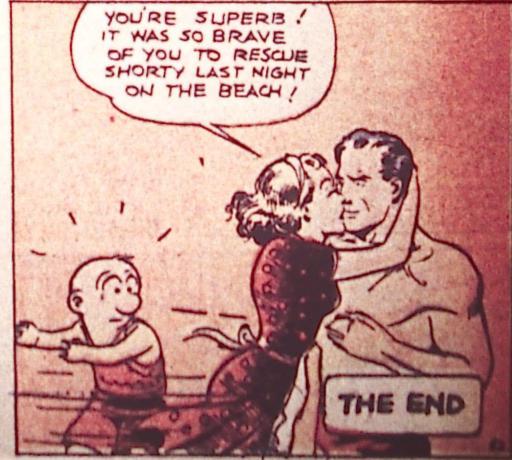


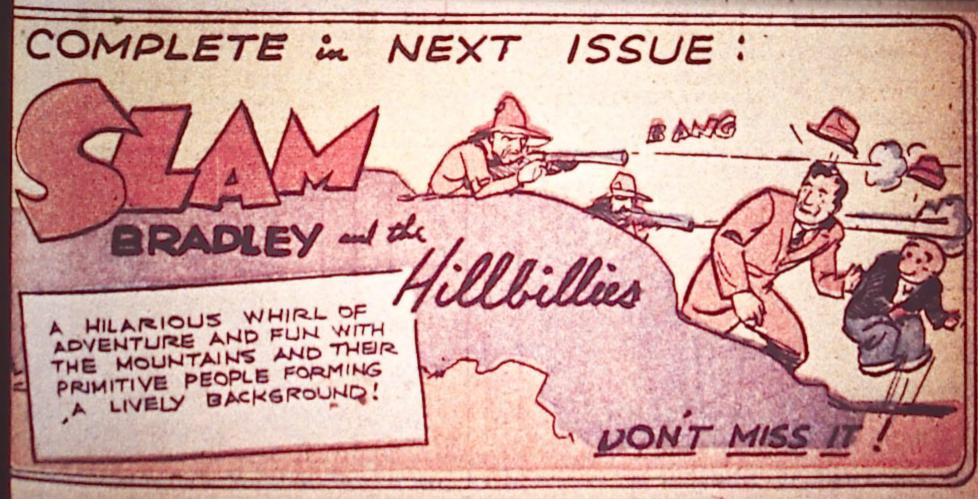












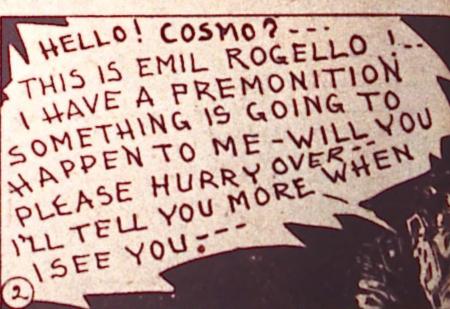
COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE



ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN



LAKS IN ON THE STILLNESS OF THE EVENING.



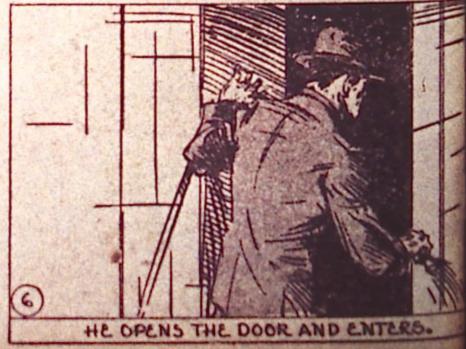
THE CALL IS FROM EMIL ROGELLO, WORLD MOUS PIANIST AND CLOSE FRIEND OF COSMO















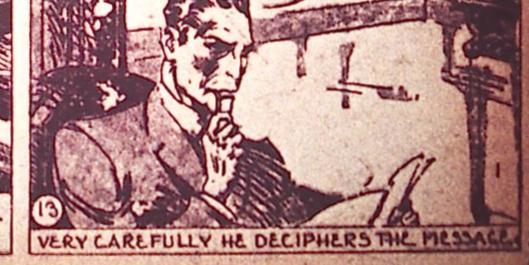






HM, THIS LOOKS





HAT THE NOTES ARE QUITE INCONSISTENT NO QUEER LOOKING.





FEW MINUTES LATER EMIL'S MANSERVANT RETURNS FROM HIS EVENING OFF.







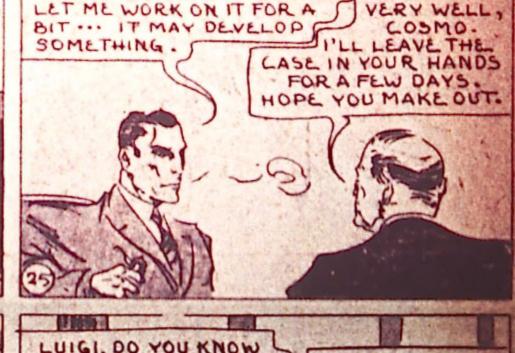


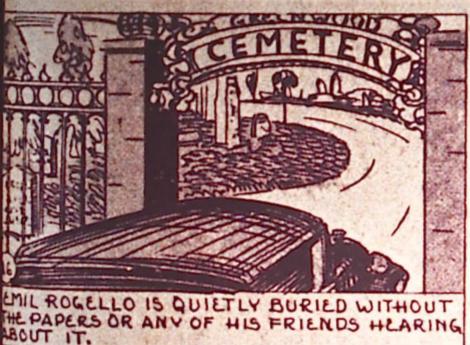




TOGETHER, COSMO AND THE SERVANT LIFT THE















TIGATIONS ABOUT THE DIFFERENT GUESTS



HE VERY CAREFULLY GROOMS HIMSELF FOR THE PART OF THE NOTED PIANIST, ACQUAINTN HIM SELF WITH ALL EMIL'S CHARACTERISTICS



HE VERY IMAGE OF HIS FRIEND.



BEING A SKILLED PIANIST COSMO IS QUICKU



NING OF THE RECEPTION APPROACHES.



CAR AFTER CAR ARRIVES AND PULLS UP





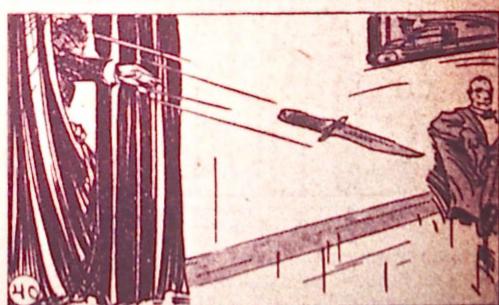
HE GUESTS CONSIST OF SEVEN MEN AND FIVE



DIO WHERE COSMO, AS EMIL, PROPOSES TO ENTERTAIN THEM WITH A PIANO- RECITAL.



HE STRIKES THE FIRST CHORDS, HE SEES, IN HE REFLECTION OF THE PIANO THE HEAVY HAPERIES ACROSS THE ROOM PART SLIGHTLY.



THERE'S A GUTTURAL CRY AND AN ARM SHOOTS OUT -- A KNIFE COMES WHIZZING THRU THE AIR

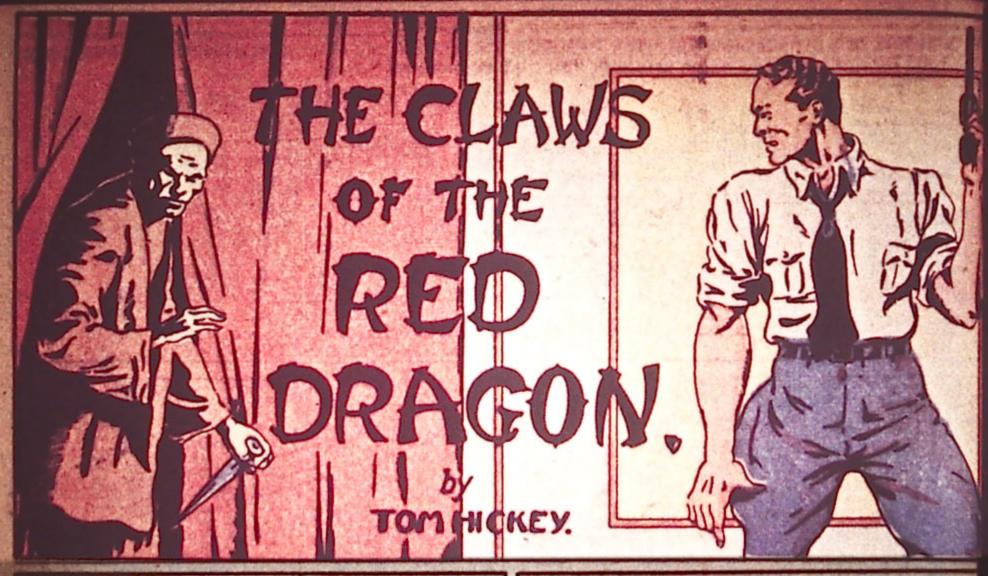


EAPON BURIES ITSELF IN THE PIANO.



WITH A TIGER-LIKE SPRING COSMO THROWS ASIDE THE HANGINGS AND COVERS THE HUGE RUSSIAN VIOLINIST BEHIND THEM WITH HIS AUTO MATIC.





.~ SYNOPSIS ~.

A BAND OF MURDEROUS CHINESE UNDER THE LEADERSHIP
OF THE WILY LUGONG, HAVE KIDNAPPED THE BEAUTIFUL SIGNUD
WON HOLTZENDORFF AND HER FATHER. IN ATTEMPTING TO
RESCUE THEM, BRUCE NELSON ALSO FALLS INTO THEIR GRASP.
NELSON AND VON HOLTZENDORFF ARE BROUGHT BEFORE
CHIN LUNG, LU GONG'S AIDE, AND ARE GIVEN TWO HOURS IN
WHICH TO AGREE TO LU GONG'S TERMS.



BUT WAIT A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN . YOU HAVE NOT HER THE PENALTY. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MY MASTER IS INCLINED TO BE A LITTLE BRUSQUE IN HIS METHODS A THE INNOCENT MAY SUFFER AS WELL AS THE GUILTY.



I REGRET TO STATE THAT AT TEN O'CLOCK SMARP A FRESH SEVERED FINGER FROM MISS VON HOLTZENDORFPS HAND WILL BE BROUGHT AND PRESENTED TO YOU. FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER A SECOND FINGER WILL BE BROUGHT, ETC







HE ROSE QUIETLY AND BECKONED THE GUARDS .

OU WILL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO THINK THIS OVER



THE TWO WHITE MEN WERE TAKEN OUT INTO THE HALL AND LED DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS.



HEY WERE I ED INTO A ROOM WHOSE WALLS WERE LINED TH SHELVE! CONTRINING EMPTY GLASS JARS. A SECTION THESE SHELVE! OPENED OUTWARD ON HINGES SCOOLING FIRM ARCHED PASSAGEWAY.



SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND THEM CROMDED TENOR THELVE OF THE CHINESE AND NELSON REASONED THAT THE UPPER PLOOR AND GROUNDS MUST BE WERENDED THE THEORY OF





THE GATE WAS OPENED FOR MAY BY A CHMESE GRADE LINO STILL CARRIED A SPADE WITH FRESH LOAM UPON I



THE CHINK COULDN'T SPEAK MUCH ENGLISH BUT WAVED
THE COP UP TO THE HOUSE, WHERE A BUTLER IN AUHITE
COAT CAME TO THE DOOR. THE BUTLER WAS STUCCHI.



HT'S JUST A PRANK OF A COUPLE OF THE YOUNG MEN HOME FROM COLLEGE, THEY RE ALWAYS UPTO SOMETHING OF COURSE IUNDERSTAND YOU HAVEN'T A SEARCH UND BUT YOU CAN COME IN AND LOOK AROUND IF YOU LIKE AN I'LL SEE THAT THE MASTER GIVES YOUR LITTLE SOM THING TO REIMBURSE YOU FOR THE ANNOVANCE.



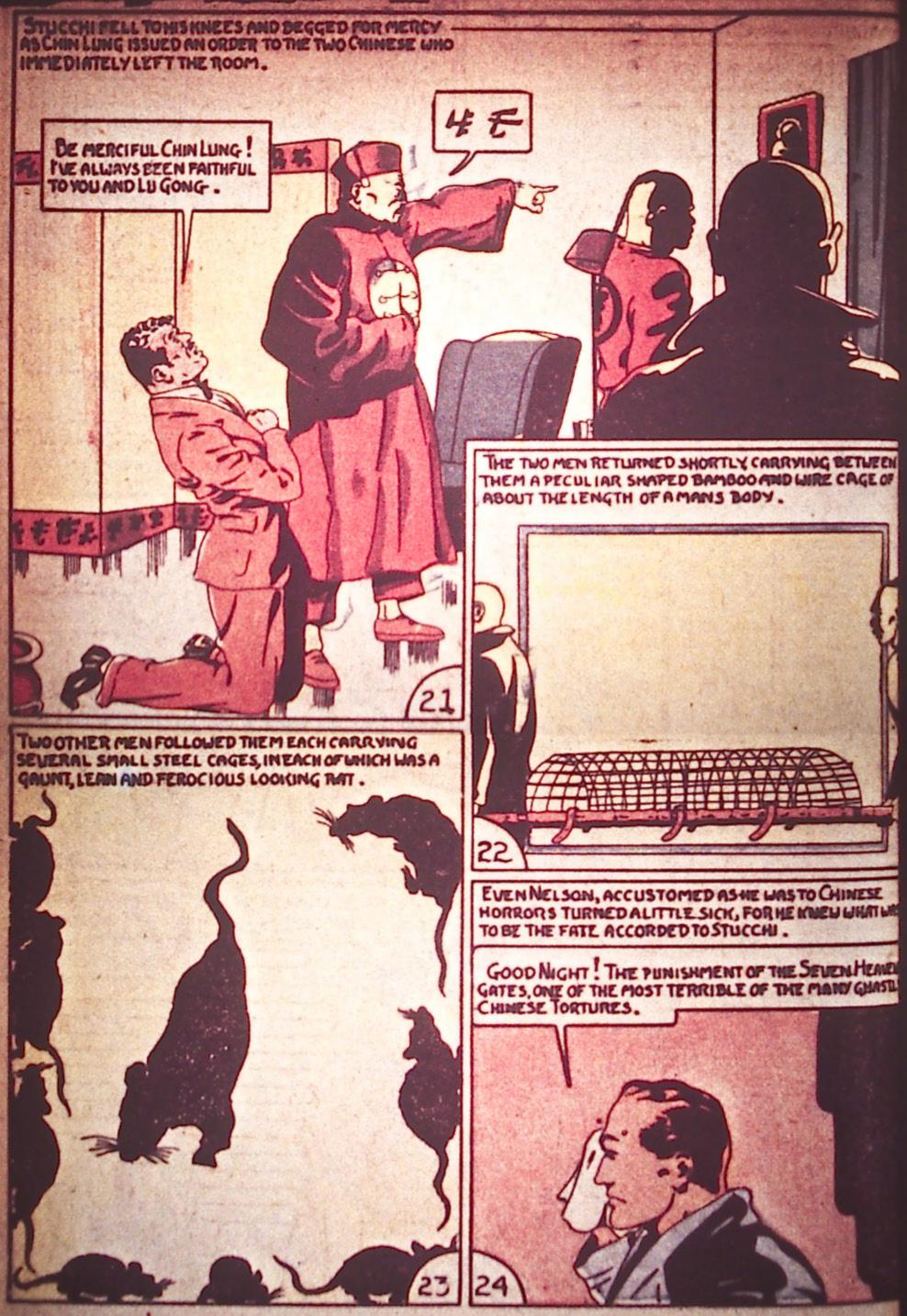
TO SATISFY HIMSELF THE POLICEMAN CAME INSIDE THE BOOK AND LOCKED AROUND, SEEING NOTHING BUT A SEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED HOME AND A CHINESE SERVANT BOWN ON HIS KNEES POLISHING AN ALREADY WELL



HE EXPRESSED HIMSELF AS SATISFIED AND NODDEDA BRIEF THANKS FOR THE THENTY DOLLAR BILL WITH WHICH THE BUTLER REAPPEARED. MOUNTING A MOTOR CYCLE BE DROVE AWAY. THE GATES WERE CLOSED BEHIND HIM.











THE WAS STRAPPED IN SECURELY THEN A SERIES OF SMALL LATES WERE FIXED INTO PLACE. THE FIRST FITTED OVER HIS TET JUST ABOVE THE ANKLES. THE SECOND WAS FITTED OVER IIS LEGS HALFWAY UP TO THE KNEE, AND SOON UP TO THE AST, WHICH FITTED OVER HIS NECK. THE SEVEN HEAVENLY ATES WERE IN PLACE, DIVIDING STUCCHI'S BODY INTO TIGHT SECTIONS, EACH SECTION A COMPLETE CAGE.



THE CHINESE GUARDS CARRIED OVER THE RAT CAGES.
ONE OF THEM LEANED DOWN, OPENED THE SMALL DOOR IN
THE FIRST OF THE CAGES AND DROPPED THE RAT IN. THERE.
WAS A HOWL OF AGONY FROM STUCCHI.



UST AS THE SECOND RAT WAS ABOUT TO BE DROPPED IN NELSON LEAPED FORWARD.

PLAQUE IS! STUCCHI IS BLAMELESS!



CHIN LUNG- GAVE AN ORDER. ONE OF THE GUARDS, HIS HAND COVERED BY A HEAVY LEATHER GAUNTLET, REAGED HIS ARM IN AND HAULED OUT THE RAT. CRAMMING IT MITS CAGE, ITS WHISKERS DRIPPING BLOOD.







VERY NOBLE OF YOU, I AM SURE, AND EXCEEDINGLY CHIVALROUS. AS A MATTER OF RESPECT I WILL BRING YOUR OFFER TO THE ATTENTION OF LUGONG, MY HONORABLE MASTER, BUT I AM QUITE CERTAIN WHAT HIS ANSWER WILL BE. I WILL RETURN WITH IT IN FIVE MINUTES.





HE HURRIED ACROSS THE ROOM AND DUSTED OFF THE HUGE CARVED TEAKWOOD CHAIR, WITH A SILIVEN HANDKERCHIEF, AND PLACED AN IVORY INLAID FOOT STOOL BELOW IT, STANDING TO ONE SIDE RESPECTFULLY WHEN HIS TASK WAS DONE.







WITHOUT GLANCING AT NELSON, UND STATED ATTENDED CURIOUSLY, WITHOUT SEEMING TO SEE THE NUMBELY BEST HEADS OF THE AMED GUARDS AND OF THE ALMOST SERVILE OBEISANCE OF THE TALL CHIMLUNG, HE MOVED TO THE CARVED TEAK WOOD CHAIR AND SEATED HUMSELF IN ITS CAPACIOUS DEPTHS.

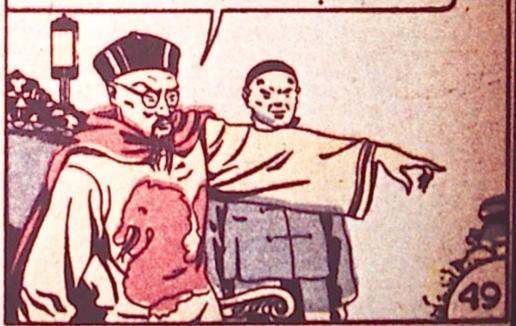


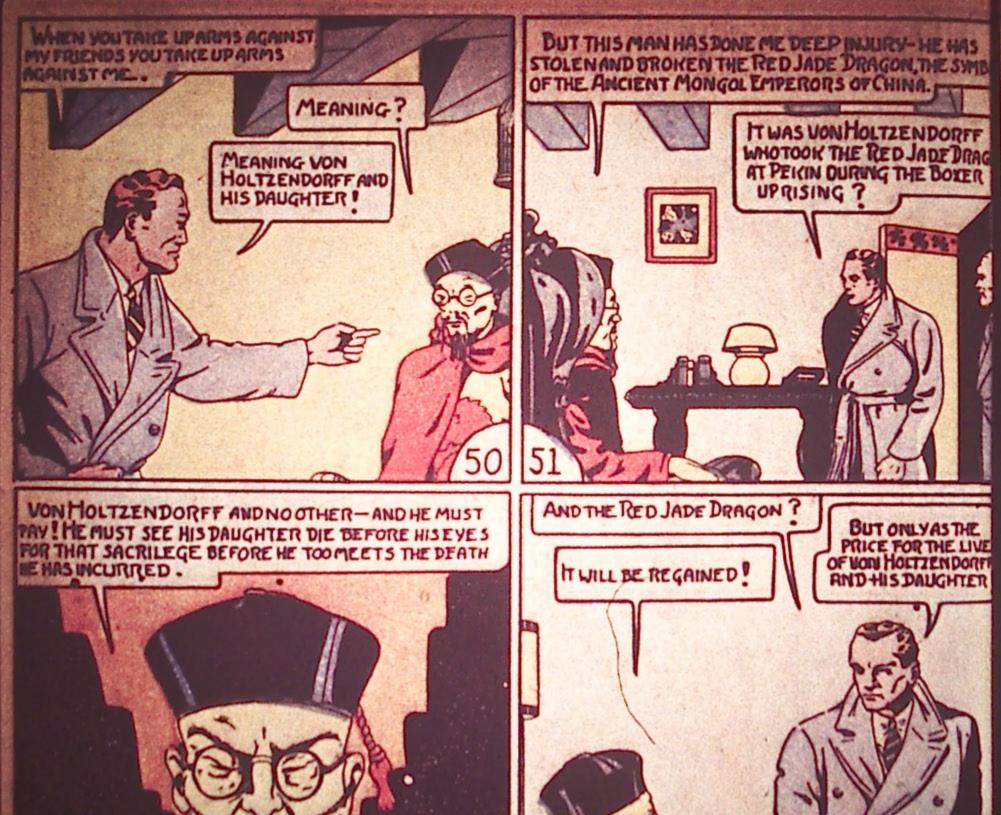
A SILENCE FELL ON THAT ROOM AS HE GAZED ABOUT SUP, HE LOOKED AT NELSON AND FINALLY SPOKE.

AND SO, NELSON, YOU CROSS MY PATH AGRIN, AND AS BEFORE, YOU ARE ACTING AS AN INFINITELY TINY STONE UPON THE ROAD WHICH CHECKS THE CHARIOT WHEEL BUT A SECOND ON THE ONWARD PASSAGE TO THE PUNICHALLED PALACE, AND LIKE THAT TIMY PEBBLE YOU WILL BE CRUSHED IN THE DUST AND FORGOTTEN.



THAT ALSO IS KNOWN TOME, BUT WHAT IS NOT KNOWN IS WHY YOU, WHO HAVE ENTERED INTO A TRUCE WITH ME, HAVE TAKEN UPARMS AGAINST ME?





LUGONG'S LONG SLENDER FINGERS GRIPPED THE ARM OF THE CHAIR CONVULSIVELY AS HE FOUGHT FOR SELF CONTROL.

YOU SHOW IMPERTINENCE OF A HIGH ORDER IN ENDEAUDRING APALTRY BARGAIN IN AMATTER THAT CONCERNS THE FUTURE FFOUR HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE. OH FOOL! AS A BABE MMOCENTLY PLAYS WITH THE HOODED ADDER DO YOU TRIFLE with Death. Well do I know how you came by the fragment of THE SACRED IMPERIAL JADE. VON HOLTZENDORFF GAUE IT TO YOU INGRATITUDE FOR SAVING HIS LIFE IN CANTON THAT TIME HE WAS SOMEARLY IN MY POWER. AND YOU ACCEPTED IT EITHER NOT MNOWING NOR NOT CARING ABOUT THE OVERWHELMING VALUE OF THOSE MISSING FRAGMENTS. WITH THE RETURN OF THAT FRAGMENT YOUR ERROR COULD BE FORGIVEN YOU . BUT FOR THE THEFT OF THE REMAINING PIECE YOU MERLIT DEATH ! IT IS NOW NINE O'CLOCK . AT TEN O'CLOCK VON HOLTZENDORFF'S DAUGHTER WILL BEGIN TOPAY THE PENALTY OF HER FATHERS MISDEEDS. YOU TWO SHALL WATCH HER SLOW DISMEMBERING WITH POWER ONLY TO END HER SUFFERING BY DEATH BY RETURNING ALL OF THE SACRED JADE. THEREAFTER YOUTHO SHALL FOLLOWHER INTO THE MINGDOMOF SHADOWS QUICKLY AND WITHOUT TORTURE

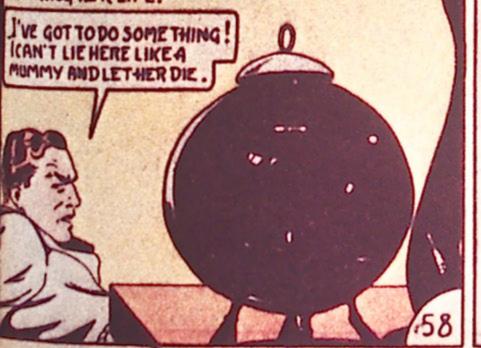
AS A REWARD. SHOULD YOU'BE OBDURATE AFTER ONE OR THE OTHER HAS ENDED HER SUFFERINGS YE

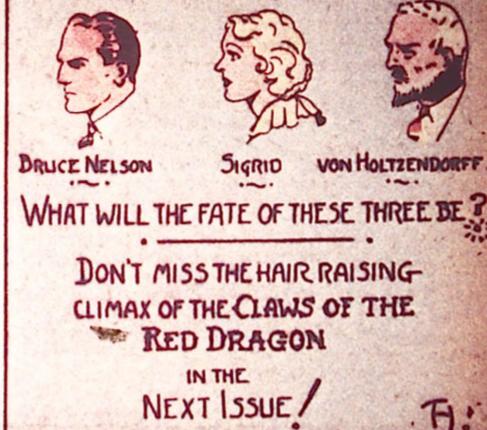


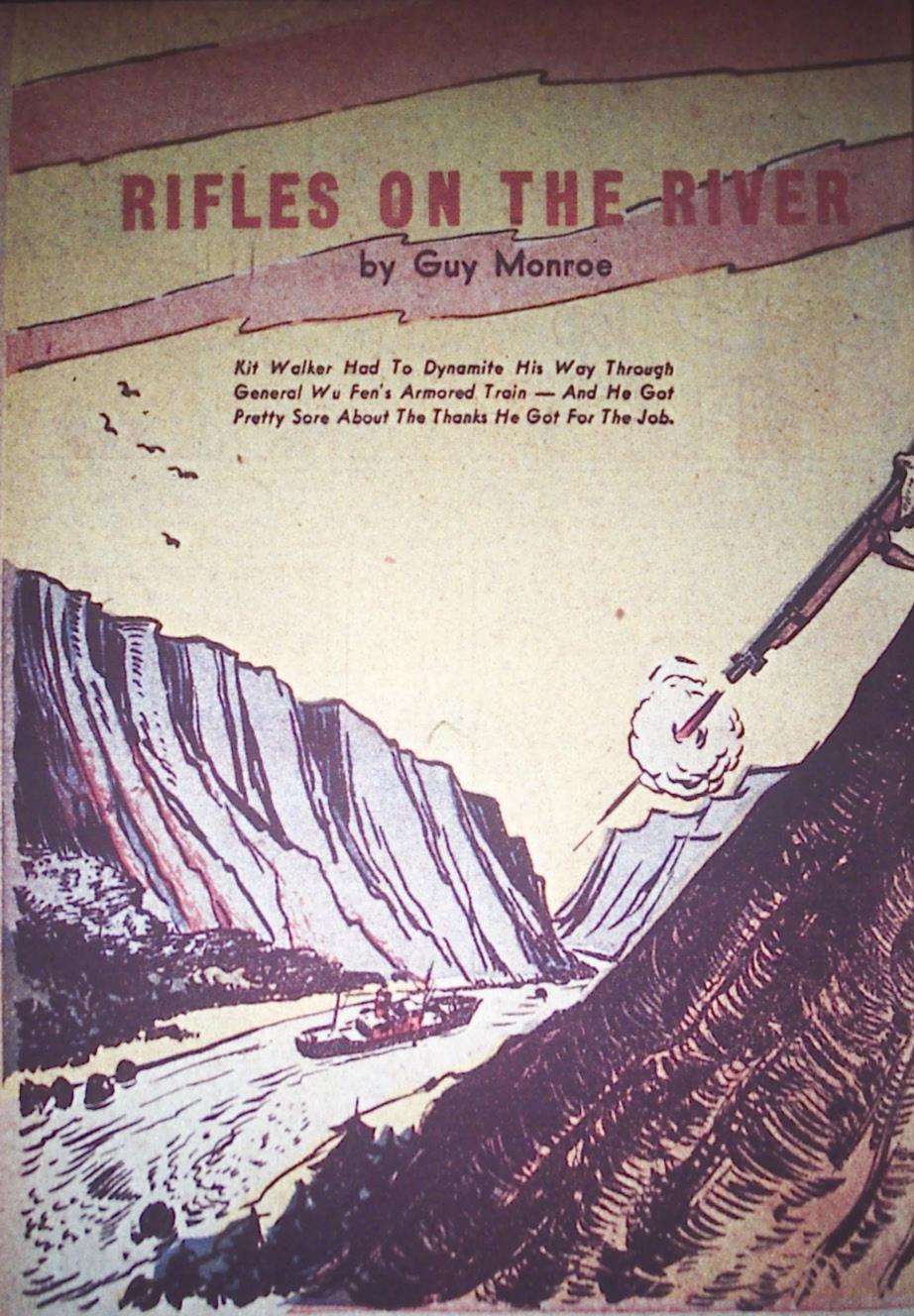


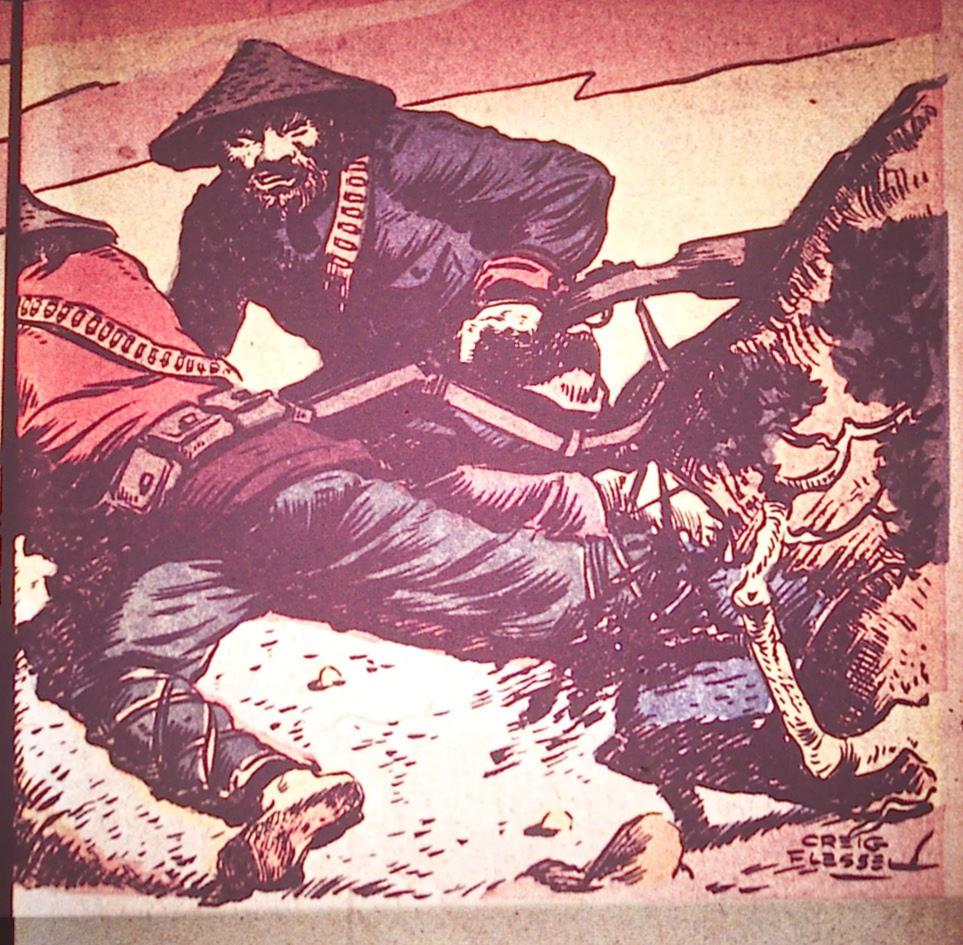


HE HANDS OF A CHEAP ALARM CLOCK ON THE BUREAU DINTED TO TWENTY MINUTES AFTER NINE. THERE WERE ONLY RTY MINUTES LEFT BEFORE HE SHOULD BE FACED WITH THE IGHTFUL ALTERNATIVE OF SEEING SIGRID'S FLAWLESS BODY SMANTLED PIECE BY PIECE, OR OF ENDING HER SUFFERING Y TAKING HER LIFE.









THE man at his side slumped to the deck before Kit Walker heard the distant report of the rifle that had felled him.

"Poor devil," gritted Kit, "he didn't ever know what hit him, which all goes to prove the old saying that there's no use ducking when you hear a shot, 'cause you don't ever hear the one that's got your name and address on it!"

"That makes seven," the Skipper said, ignoring Kit's philosophy "These Chino bandits are getting to be pretty good snipers!"

"And they've got go ifles," Kit agreed. "You ca a man at this range unless you've got telescopic sights and all the rest of the paraphernalia."

"Right," said the Skipper. "And we'd better get off this deck before that slant-eyed rascal starts throwing more lead!"

They stepped into the cabin not a moment too soon, for a bullet whined through the air and nicked a steel bulkhead just behind the spot lately vacated by Kit Walker.

Kit stuck his head around the corner of the door and made an undignified face in the general direction of the unseen marksman. "Yah-h-h!" he jeered. "Missed us a mile!"

"Pretty short mile," commented

the Skipper dryly.

They were washing their evening meal down with tall glasses of limejuice and water when the radio operator stepped into the cabin and touched his forelock respectfully to the Captain.

"What is it, Sparks?" asked the

Skipper.

"Radio from Shanghai, sir.
We're advised that bandits are reported very active in this territory." The ghost of a smile hovered about his mouth as he spoke.

"Decent of 'em to let us know,"

grunted the Skipper.

"Especially since we've already lost seven men to their infernal sniping," supplemented Kit.

"The message also says that the bandit general Wu Fen has raided the Won Lai railroad and captured an armored train, sir!"

The Skipper frowned. "What good's it going to do him to capture an armored train? He can't take it into Shanghai

on a raid!"

Kit's brow was furrowed as his nimble brain tried to find an answer to the Captain's query. Wu Fen wasn't the cort of man to do as seemingly ridiculous a thing as to capture an armored train unless he had some pretty good reason for wanting that train. He might have been expected to blow it up ar otherwise destroy it, yes, for he had done that little trick many times, but as far as Kit could remember, this was the first time he'd ever taken actual possession of an armored train.

There must be a reason for it, Kit

knew.

"Does the railroad touch this river any place?" he asked the Skipper.

Yes, it follows right beside it for quite a spell a hundred or so miles further up. Why?"

"Why?" echoed Kit. "It's as plain

knows that if we get this cargo of guna and munitions through to the Nationalist troops up at Chengo he'll be hemmed in on both sides. His cute little plan, no doubt, is to run his captured armored train alongwide us and blow us out of the water!"

"He wouldn't dare!" thundered the Captain. "This ship is flying the

American flag!"

"That doesn't mean much to Mr. Wu Fen," said Kit. "He's got nothing to lose, anyway. If the Nationalist boys get him he'll face a firing squad, and if they don't get their supplies they might not get him. Savvy? If a fellow's going to face a firing squad he doesn't care much who does the shooting."

The Captain nodded slowly. "I guess you're right, Walker," he said. "It's a bold stroke, but chances are he'll do it!"

"I've got kind of a bold stroke percolating through my alleged brain, too,"
said Kit. "First thing I'd suggest is
that you radio back and tell the authorities to send another armored train on,
if they haven't already done so. Of
course they'll have to stop and repair
some track somewhere along the route,
for it's a cinch that our bandit friend
performed a little sabotage just to keep
pursuit off for a while. Still, they

might be able to get up into this country in time to lend us a hand."

sit here until all's clear?" asked the Skipper.

IT shook his head. "We contracted to get this shipment up to the Nationalists by the fourteenth; if we sit here for a couple of days we'll never make it. No, you keep steaming up the river; I'll take the launch, six men and two of those light machine-guns and get going ahead of you. And—oh, yes—you'd better give me a couple hundred pounds of dynamite and a few miles of wire."

The Captain's eyes glittered. "If I weren't Skipper of this tub I'd sure like to be one of the six men going with you, Walker," he said. "A little dynamiting party, eh?"

"Right!" grinned Kit.

The sky was dark and overcast, so that even the full moon threw only fitful light on the muddy waters as Kit and his little party worked cautiously up the river. The launch was a good one, with a quiet motor, and they sailed close to the right bank so that no sound might reach attentive ears on the further side.

Biff Davis said, "The current's sluggish this time of year; we're making a good twenty-five knots an hour."

"I'm no eallor," complained Kit.

"A knot is one and one-sixth miles," instructed Davis. "Figure it out for yourself—I'm no good at arithmetic."

Kit heard a match being scratched across a rough surface, and swept out with his hand in time to knock it out of the fingers of one of his men.

"No smoking!" he growled. "We can't afford to show any lights!"
"Sorry, Walker," said the man.

The journey was becoming tiresome. The men fidgeted. After three hours or so Kit asked Davis, "How far do you figure we've come?"

"Somewhere between seventy-five and a hundred miles, Kit. Another hour at this pace will put us to where the railroad follows the river."

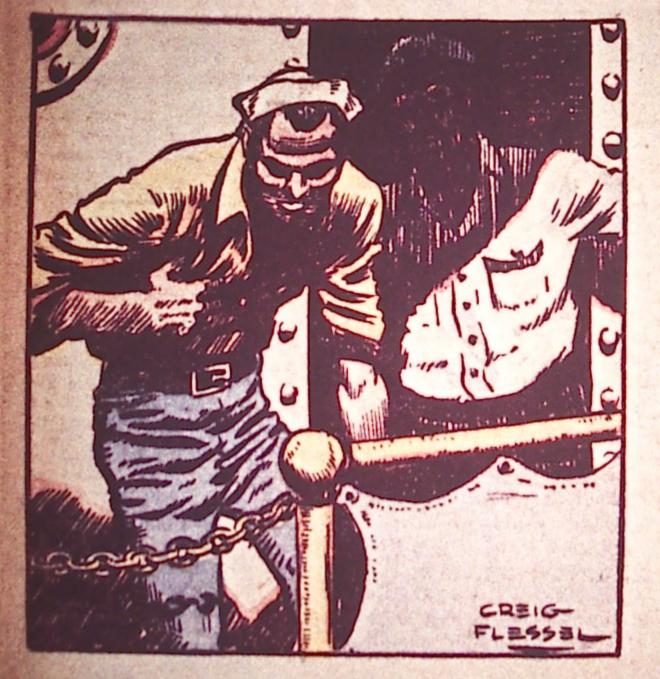
They settled back to another sixty minutes of boredom.

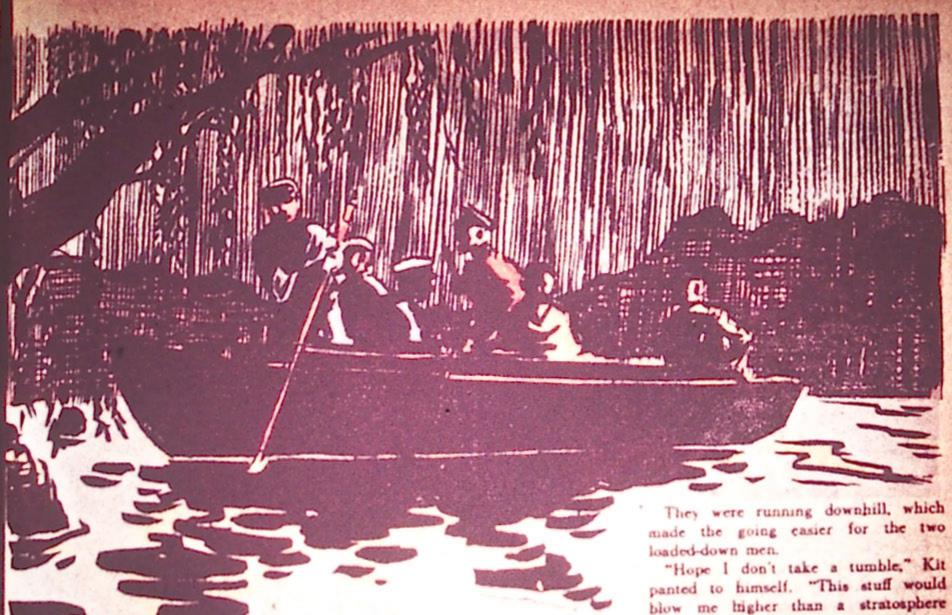
At last, however, it was over, and Davis switched off the ignition.

"We'd better row to the other side of the river," he said.

"Naturally," agreed Kit. "Come on,

Rowing was tough, for the launch was a heavy one, but they sweated and strained until they slid close to the left bank and tied their craft beneath the meagre camouflage of a scrawny clump of willows. Kit and Davis each





shouldered one of the light machine guns and as many bandoliers of amnunition as they could stagger under. The other five men toted sacks of gelain dynamite, wire, and still more food for the machine guns. One of them carried a small, compact electro-contact plunger, to be used to fire dynamite charges.

I was growing lighter. The first streaks of dawn made the eastern horizon a sharp line across the sky. and the men cast long, thin shadows as they trudged along under their burdens. Then the sun itself peeped through the early mists and Kit could see two bright silvery lines etched across the dreary monotony of the land-

"There she is, boys!" he exulted. "The railroad! All we've got to do is to plant a load of dynamite under the rails and vait for Mr. Wu Fen's train to come slong!"

Suddenly he stopped. Off in the distance a sound was growing stronger and stronger. The train!

Davis said: "Looks like we're too late! We can never plant a charge and get away in time!" Disappointment was written on the faces of the men.

kit's mind raced like mad. "Quick!" he ordered. "Wire to one of those sacks of dynamite and pay out the wire as I go. Cover me as much as possible with the guns, but keep out of sight!"

"What are you going to do?" manded Davis.

"I'm going to dump the sack on the tracks just at that turn; the engineer won't be able to stop in time even if he sees it. As soon as I'm clear I'll wave my arm-that'll be your signal to let 'er go!"

"You're crazy!" shouted Davis.

"Shut up and wire that charge!" ordered Kit. "Do you think I came all this way just to see a train go by without doing anything? And if that train does get by, she's got a very good chance of blowing Cap'n Garde and the ship plumb out of the river!"

The other men had been feverishly attaching wires to a hity pound bag of gelatin dynamite. Kit hoisted the load to his shoulder and started jogging down toward the tracks, the wire stretching out behind him.

Davis followed close behind him, one of the machine guns cradled in his brawny arms.

"Okay, Kit!" he yelled. "I'm right behind you!"

Kit grinned over his shoulder and hollered back "Thanks, boy!"

Still hidden in the low hills, the armored train drew nearer and nearer. And she was making plenty of time, too, Kit knew, for the high-pitched hissing of her boilers told that the engineer was leaning on the throttle with a heavy hand.

blow me higher than a stratosphere balloon!"

The same thought must have been in Biff Davis' mind, for he shouted: "Don't drop those eggs, son!"

Kit's breath came in agonized gasps, searing his lungs and threat as though with a white-bot blade. It is no ro to run a thousand yards with fifty pounds of high explosive on your shoulier.

At last he reached the track, and almost shouted with glee. Last year's rains had eroded the earth under the ties here and there, making perfect stowing places for such a package as Kit had to deliver.

INGERLY he placed the dynamite in one of the crevices. And not a moment too soon, for the train roare around the base of the last bill and bore down on him, a scant hundred yards away!

Kit ran like a scared rabbit toward Biff, who had dropped behind a hummock and was busily setting up the gun.

The engineer on the armored train sensed trouble and put on the brakes, but too late! Sparks tore from the tracks and the train shuddered, but not in time. As Kit reached Biff and threw himself to the ground beside him, he waved his arm. A thousand yards back the man at the charge-box leaned on the plunger.

There was a terrific roar, a blinding flash, swirling clouds of dust, as the charge was ignited directly beneath the second car of the train. A section of



one of the wheel carriages sailed through the air and plopped into the earth between Kit and Davis

"Nice placement!" said Davis They both hugged the ground to escape the barrage of smaller pieces of metal that hummed about their ears like angry hornets

Almost at the moment of the explosion men had begun to pour off the armored train, rifles and pistols in hands. Biff's fingers tightened around the grip of the machine gun, and it chattered into life. He wasted no bullets. The first burst chopped into the Chinese bandite hungrily, and sent the survivors scurrying back into the protection of the train

"Now it's their turn!" grunted Kit

It was Gunners in the train threw a torrent of hot lead at the tiny hummock that was Kit and Biff's only protection

"We'd better dig in!" said Biff

Furiously they scratched and fore at the powdery earth, piling it up in front of them a handful at a time. And all the while the pandit rifles and machine "We brought everything but water."
gasped Riff "and I'd give my chances
of salvation for a mouthful of it this
minute!"

The firing became desultory The bandits knew that they had few opponents, and had settled down, with true Oriental patience, to wait them out And the others of Kit's little party couldn't possibly reach them with water or ammunition through the scathing fire from the armored train

The sun mounted higher and higher in the brassy heavens and the heat and glare became almost intolerable to the beleagured pair. Their tongues grew thick and cottony, sweat oozed from their pores. Still, every now and again they poured a burst of lead at the steel train whenever a head appeared.

"It's only a question of time." Kit whispered through his parched lips. "If we get up and run for the others we're a cinch to get machine-gunned to powder; if we stay here we'll die of thirst or sunstroke"

"Anyway." Biff answered, "we've

stopped the train, so the ship'll through to the government forces."

"That's fine." gritted Kit, "but I do go in much for that sacrifice stuff, a pecially for a country I don't belong a I'd just as soon get out of this also if you don't mind!"

"Me too," agreed Biff, "but it does look as though we've got much say

the matter."

N oppressive silence hung over the for a long time, punctuated at a requent intervals by a rifle shot for the train. But Kit's brain was again working furiously toward a solution a their almost hopeless situation. Suddenly he grasped Biff's arm.

"Do you know your Morse code!

he demanded.

Davis nodded

"Anybody back there know it?"

"Yeah. Kelsey savvies it."

"Good!" exulted Kit. "We've still gone end of the wire here, what's the matter with asking the boys to attact a few sticks of dynamite to their end!

Biff's eyes opened wide, and a graph spread over his homely face. "Then a pull it down here and make us some property and the state of the state of

"That's the general idea." admits Cit modestly

Biff grabbed the trigger of the me

WIRE in slow bursts of bullets

There was no response

"Keep trying, and pray that they get the idea!" said Kit

After the fifth spelling, an aniw came by the same means from the m behind them

"PULL WIRE" it said

Kit and Davis clasped hands gleefully and tugged gingerly on the wire. One started, the bundle of dynamite rolls easily down the incline, and they had only to pull in the slack wire rapid and keep the stuff on its proper count of the bandits saw what was happened they paid no heed Possibly, from distance, the package looked merely like a dislodged stone rolling down the slope

At length the precious package wi gathered into the little trench with lo ing care

"Bright boys!" said Kit "They see

"The dynamite wouldn't be muc good without fuses," Biff pointed out

The engine of the mored train has been pulled over on its side by the form of the explosion, and the first cat we completely wrecked It was almost estain that nobody lived in either of the two pieces of rolling stock. That let two cars to be reckoned with

"We'll have to stand up to throw the stuff accurately," said Kit "We'll proably get nicked doing it, but we've a to take that chance."

"Right. Anything's better than paroiling in this sun!"

"You take the last car, and I'll take e other," ordered Kit. "And try to get our dynamite under the cars-there's s steel plating there than on the sides. Vell each light three sticks, and then tart throwing in a hurry!"

He produced a box of matches and bey struck two of them at the same ine, passing the flames under the fusericks of six sticks of dynamite. The uses sputtered like demons as the parks ate hungrily toward the percus-

"Let's go!" shouted Kit. He leaped his feet and started throwing the eath-laden sticks. Biff was right at his ide, tossing with him, stick for stick. The Chinese bandits, caught napping. of hardly a bullet across before a series d terrific explosions shook the two renaining cars of the train. Kit and Davis dropped prone for a moment, then brew more dynamite.

uns and men sprawled over the tracks. Smoke began to curl as the wooden interiors of the cars cought fire. Scared survivors, wild-eyed, jabbering little sellow men, etaggered into the open with

hands high above their heads in token of surrender.

The rest of Kit Walker's little party came legging it down the slope, guns in hand, and from afar off came the cheery sound of another train.

That must be Nationalist soldiers," guessed Kit. "It looks like the party's over, boys!"

OURS later, clambering up the Jacob's-ladder from the launch to the deck of the steamer, Kit Walker was still plenty mad.

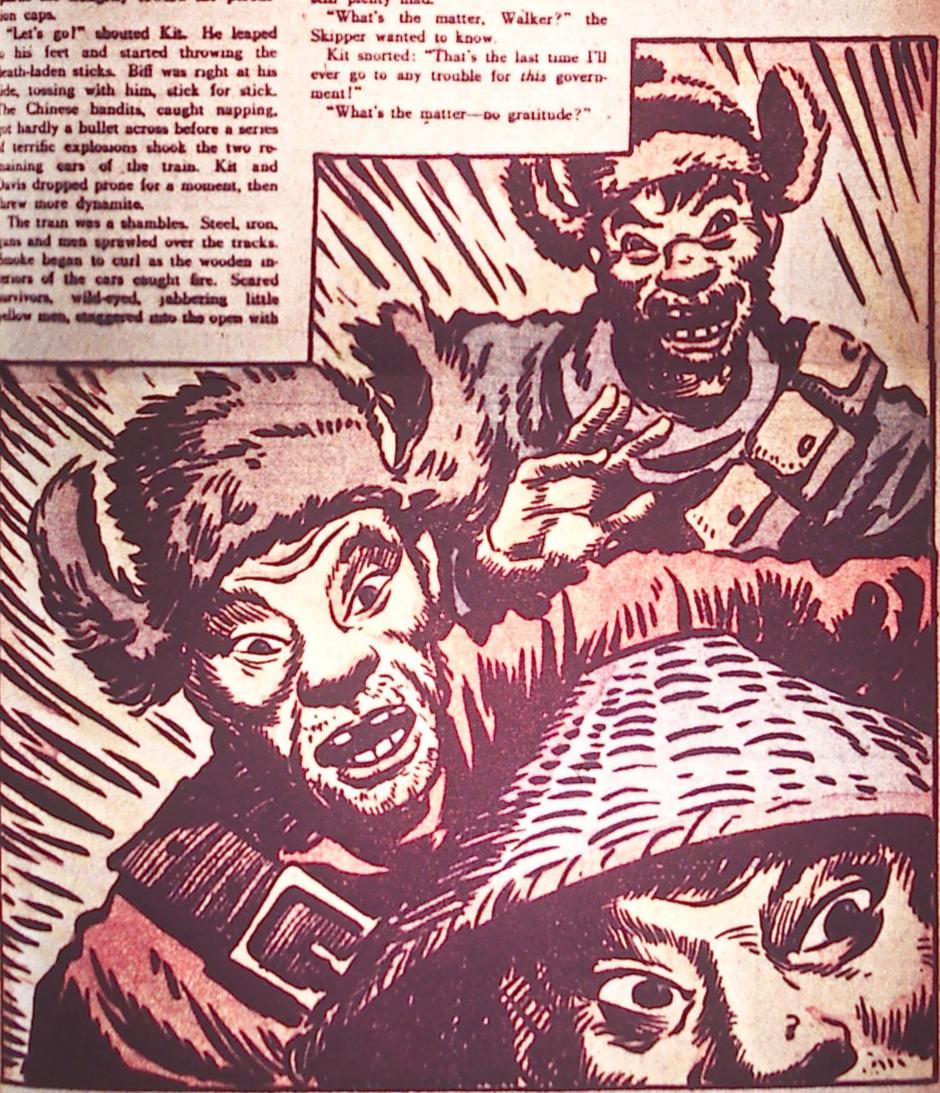
Kit spat disgustedly over the side of the ship. "Worse than that-they almost arrested me!"

The Captain was incredulous.

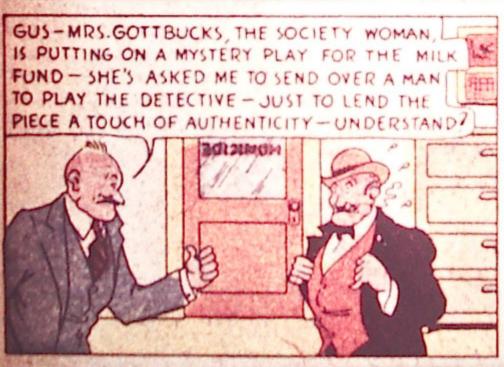
"Almost arrested you! What for?"

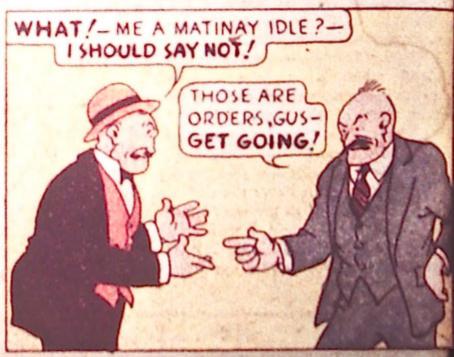
Kit shrugged. "Seems as though old Wu Fen got a little bit killed when all the dynamite blew. I thought the Nationalists would be kinds tickled about that, but they weren't. They wanted to stand him up in front of a firing

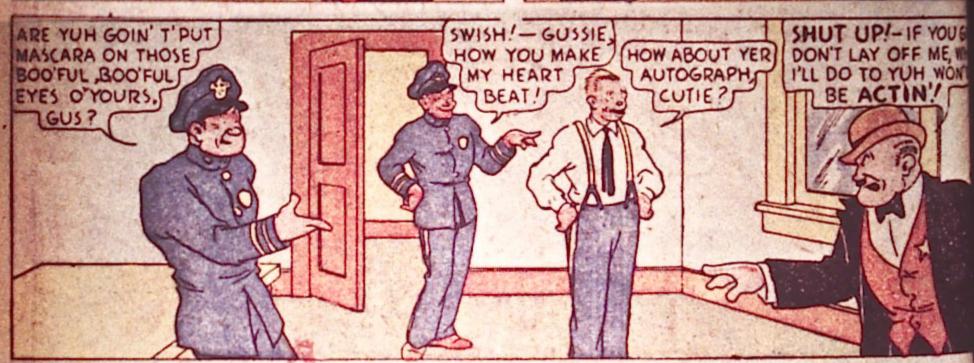
THE END





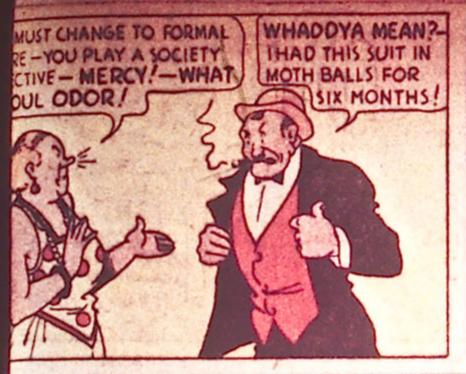








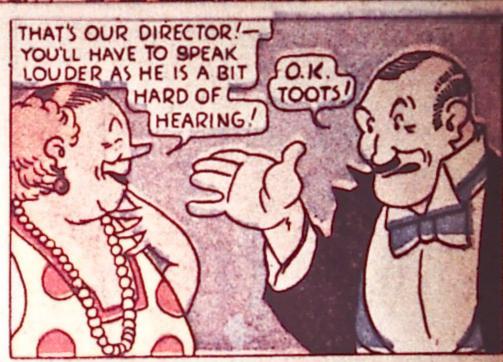




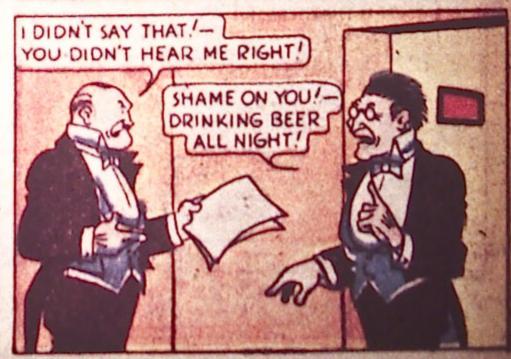




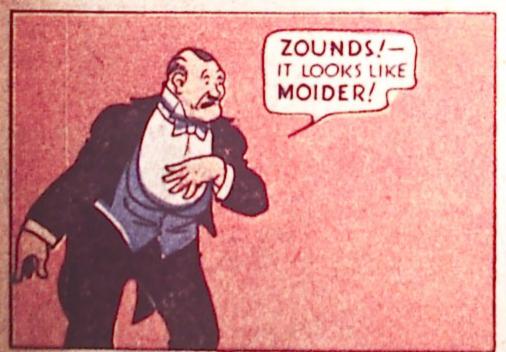


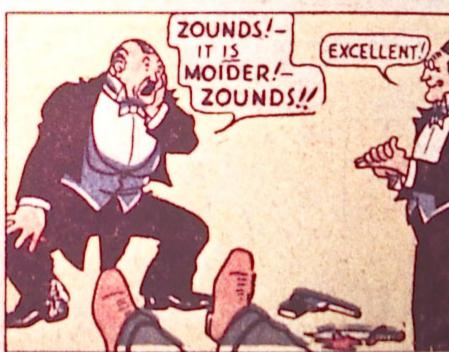








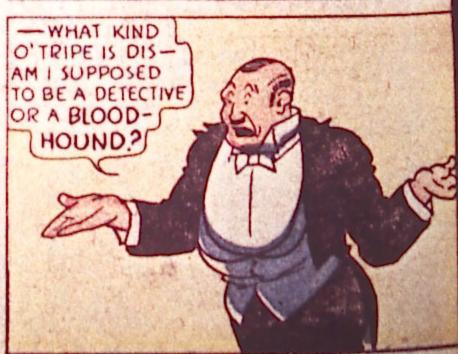




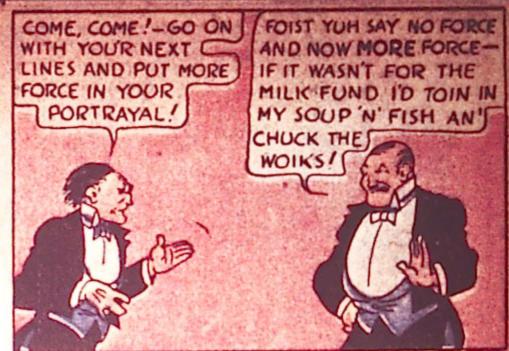




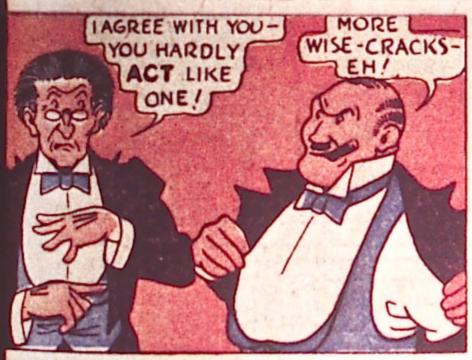


















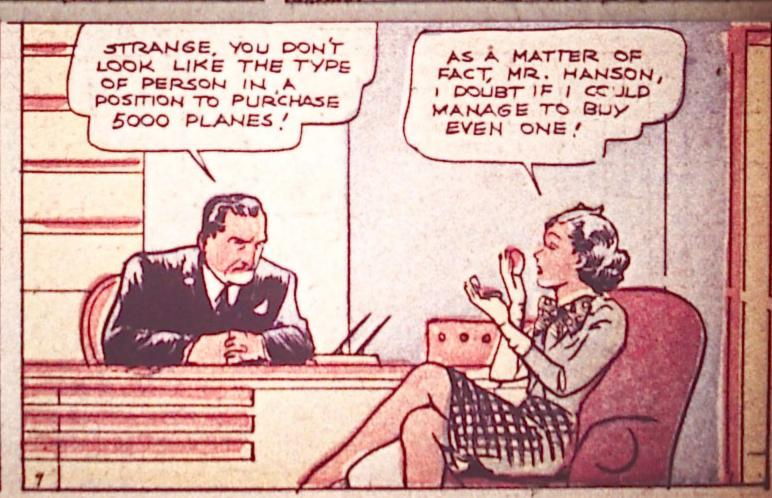


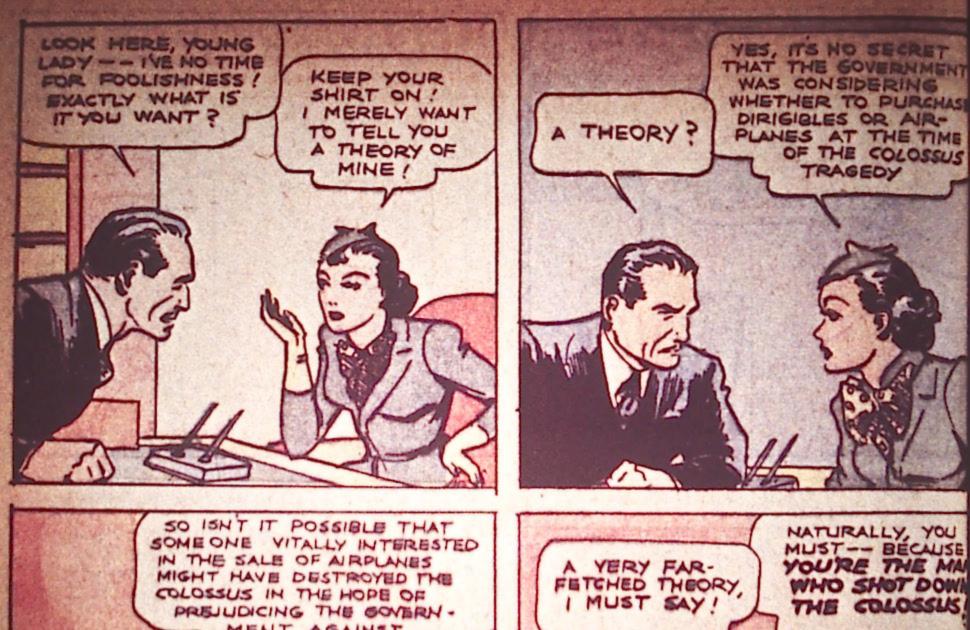






AN HOUR
LATER
SALLY IS
USHERED
INTO THE
PRIVATE
OFFICE OF
THE SALES
MANAGER
OF SKYWAYS,
INC...





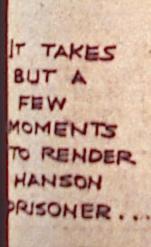


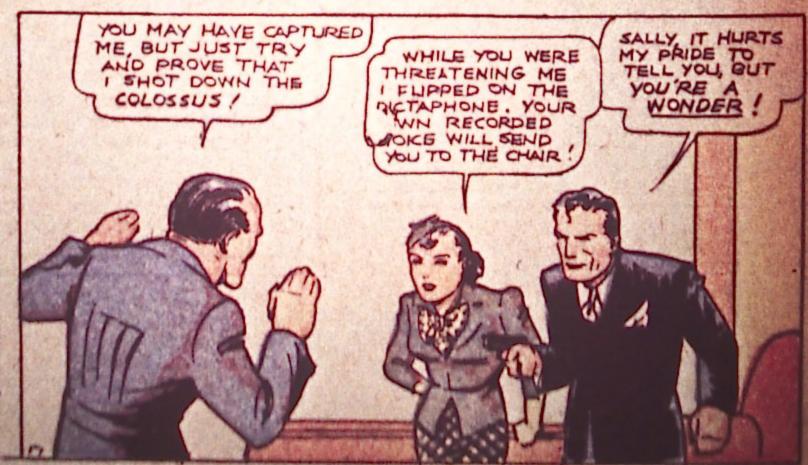




AS HANSON WHIRLS TOWARD BART AND FIRES, SALLY FLINGS HER POWDER - PUFF INTO HIS EYES SO THAT MOMENTARILY BLINDED, HE MISSES HIS TARGET!













SUDDENLY, THE MUFFLEDSOUND OF A PISTOL SHOT COMES FROM THE TOP OF A CLIFF, FOLLOWED SHORTLY AFTER WARDS BY SOUNDS OF A RIDER, THRASHING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, COVERING THE SIDES OF THE DRECIPITOUS SLOPE, LEADING TOTHE GULCH, BELOW-



BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, IS
BUT AN HOUR'S RIDE FROM THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE HE HAS RIDDEN NORTH WARD
AND IS NOW SKIRTING A CLUMP OF BOULDER
TOCUT DOWN THROUGH A DRY WASHTHAT
LEADS IN AGENERAL DIRECTION TOWARDS
THE LITTLE TEXAS TOWN-

TOUCHING HIS HORSE WITH HIS SPURS, HE DASHES IN PURSUIT, BUT, HAMPERE BY THE ENTANGLEMENT, IS UNABLE TO CATCHA GLIMPSE OF THE OTHER RIDER



BUCK REACHES THE SUMMIT. THE
TRAIL ENDS AT THE BASE OF A
HUGH ROCK, ON WHICH A CABIN IS
ANCHORED BY STRONG CABLES TO
PREVENT IT FROM BEING BLOWN
OVER-

THERE'S THE RANGER'S
CABIN ON EAGLE POINT
I WONDER IF THAT SHOT CAME
FROM THERE'



THE BASE OF THE ROCK, BUCK MAKES



FLATTENING HIS BODY AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE CABIN, HE SLIDES AROUND TOTHE DOOR -- THEN, WITH HIS GUN DRAWN, HE SUDDENLY KICKS THE DOOR OF



HEETING WITH NO RESISTANCE, HE WALKS
I-- CRUMPLED OVER ATABLE IS THE BODY
FTHE FOREST RANGER - SCATTERED OVER
HE TABLE AND FLOOR IS A DECK OF CARDS
NO A CHAIR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE IS OVER-



RANGER'S BACK, HIS GLANCE RESTSON
A SMALL OBJECT LYING AMONG THE CARDS
ON THE TABLE -

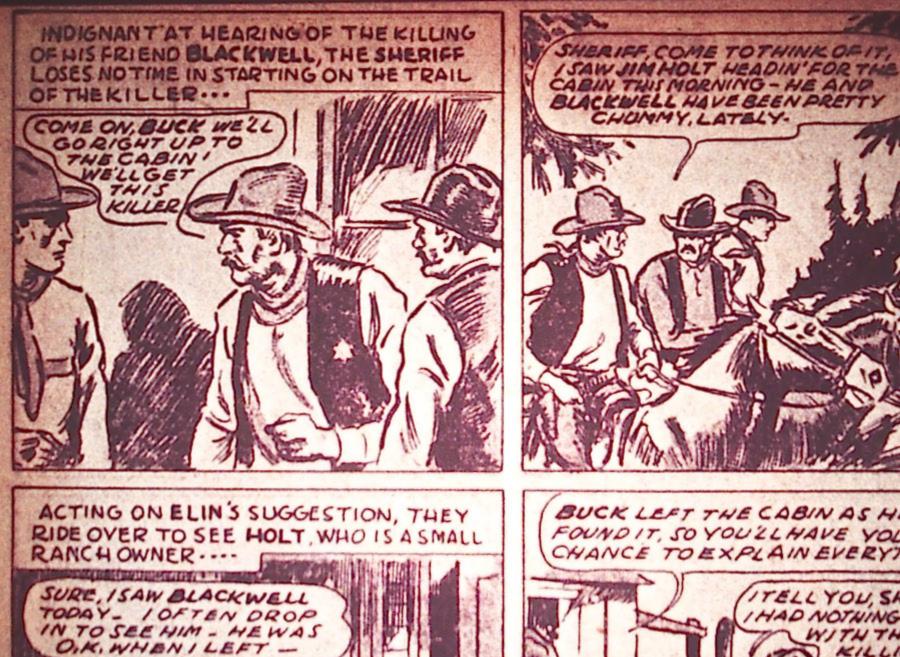


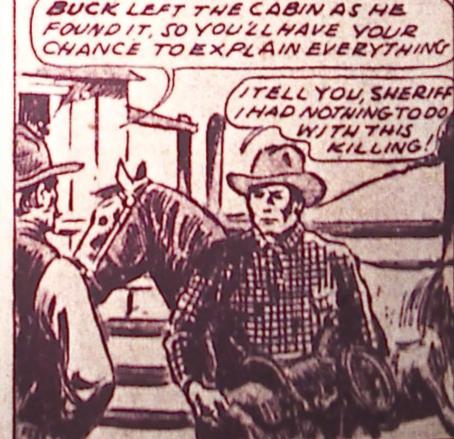
OING OUTSIDE, HE LOOKS AROUND
OR FOOT PRINTS BUT IS UNABLE TO
IND ANY BECAUSE OF THE ROCK
OUTING AND THE ABSENCE OF LOOSE
IRT--- HAVING FOUND A KEY HANGING
NANAIL, HE LOCKS THE DOOR OF THE
ABIN AND STARTS FOR THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE --



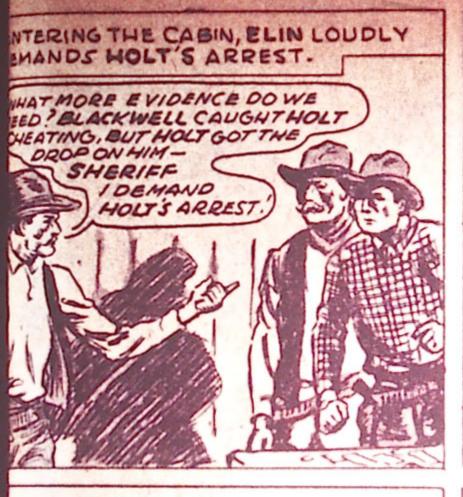
WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE, HE FINDS THE SHERIFF TAUKING TO BEN ELIN, OWNER OF THE DOUBLE E RANCH













EANWHILE, BUCK IS PUZZLED ABOUT THE ULLET THAT HE FOUND ON THE TABLE - HAT CAUSED IT TO BE MUSHROOMED ON NESIDE? HETAKES IT OUT OF HIS POCKET NO EXAMINES IT -



















THE KILLER OPENED THE DOOR SLIGHT FIRED THROUGH- IN ORDER TO AVOI HITTING THE LAMP ON THE BUREAU, HE HI TURN THE BARREL OF THE GLIV AND TWE S NICKED THE JAMB. THAT'S WHY ONE S

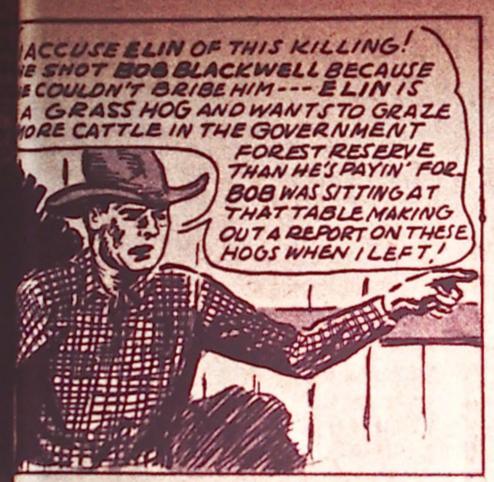
















THE NEXT INSTANT HOLT IS ACROSS
HEROOM, ELIN'S WRISTS FIRMLY IN HIS
RIP - IN A MOMENT HE HAS HIM





STEELS PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGWIN ETY

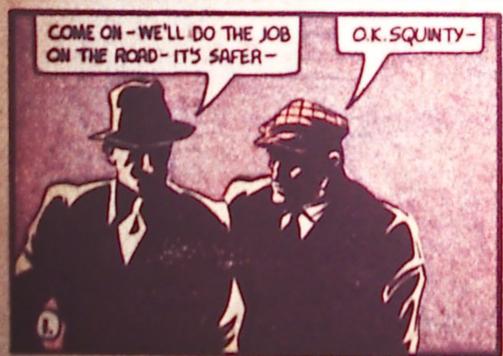
A NUMBER OF CELEBRITIES HAVE DISAPPEARED—
LARRY IS WORKING ON THE THEORY THAT THEY HAVE
ALL BEEN KIDNAPPED FOR SOME SINISTER PURPOSE
LARRY AND HIS FRIEND, BILL GRAHAM, WITH THEIR
PILOT, TOM, WERE FLYING FROM HOLLYWOOD TO NEW
YORK CITY, WHEN THEIR PLANE WAS SMOT DOWN—
THEY ALL ESCAPED WITH MINOR INJURIES—LARRY'S
FATHER IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GONE TO NEW YORK
TO SEE MRS. STEELE, WHO, HE BELIEVES, IS CRITICAL
ILL—LARRY TELEPHONES HIS MOTHER, WHILE HE
AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE RECUPERATING FROM THE
PLANE CRASH, TO FIND HER IN PERFECT HEALTH—THIS
MEANS HIS FATHER HAS ALSO BEEN KIDNAPPED——







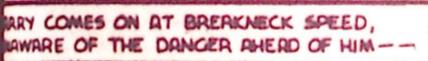
















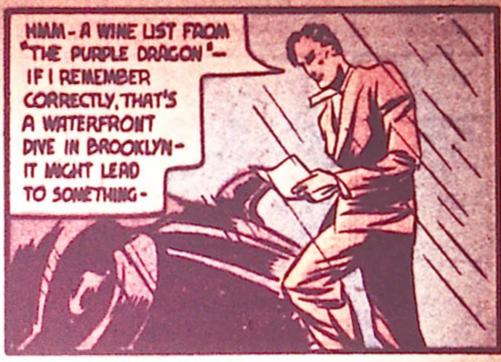


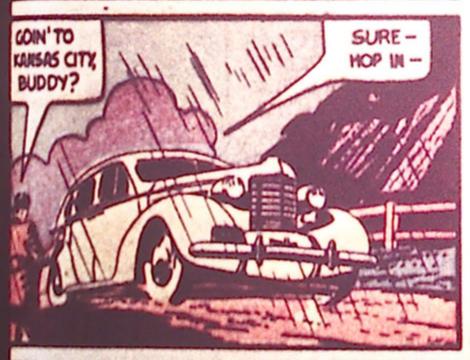
HE CARS
OLLIDE
WITH A
ICKENING
CRASH







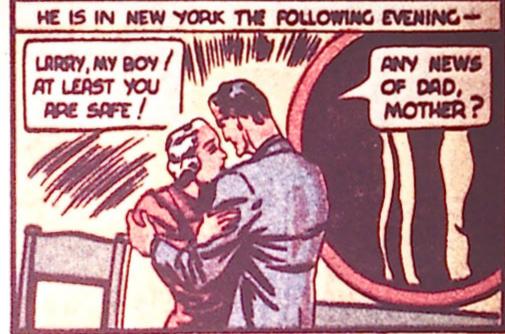








arry makes a quick change and just has

















LARRY TAKES A CHEAP ROOM IN BROOKLYN UNDER A



















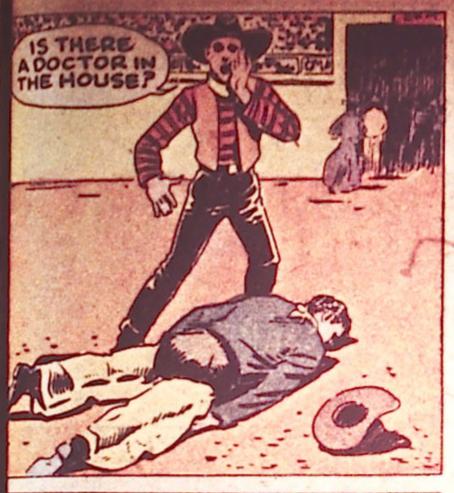


SPEED SAUNDERS AT THE



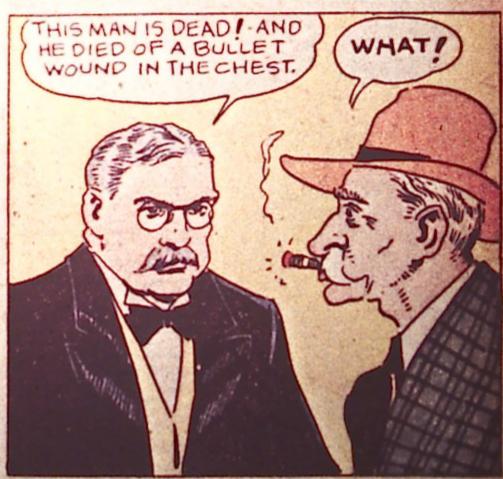


BUSTER, IS THRILLING THOUSAND AT AN EASTERN RODEO WITH A SUPERB DISPLAY OF HORSEMAN WHEN HE SUDDENLY TUMBLES F HIS SADDLE - AND LANDS IN A INERT HEAP ON THE TANBAR

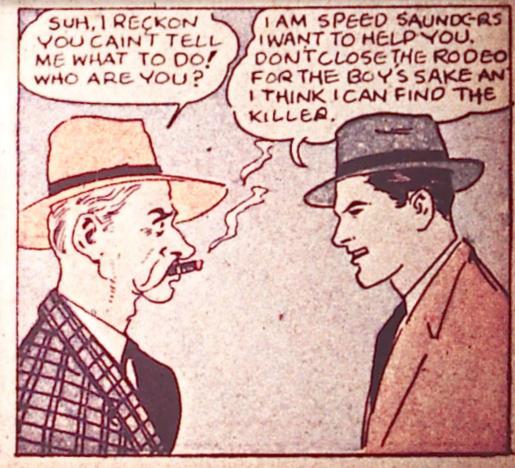






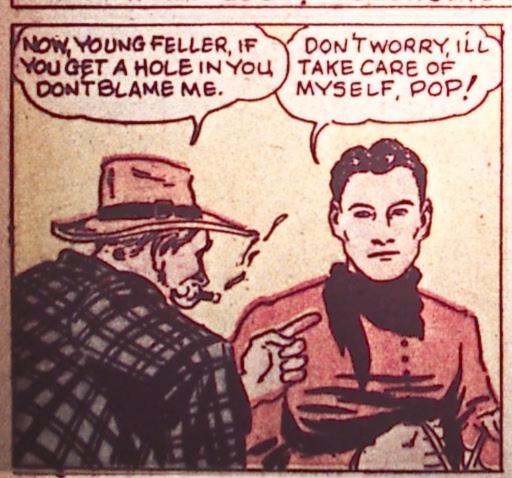








THE SHOW MUST GO ON! THE COWBOYS DO THEIR ACTS FACING POSSIBLE DEAT







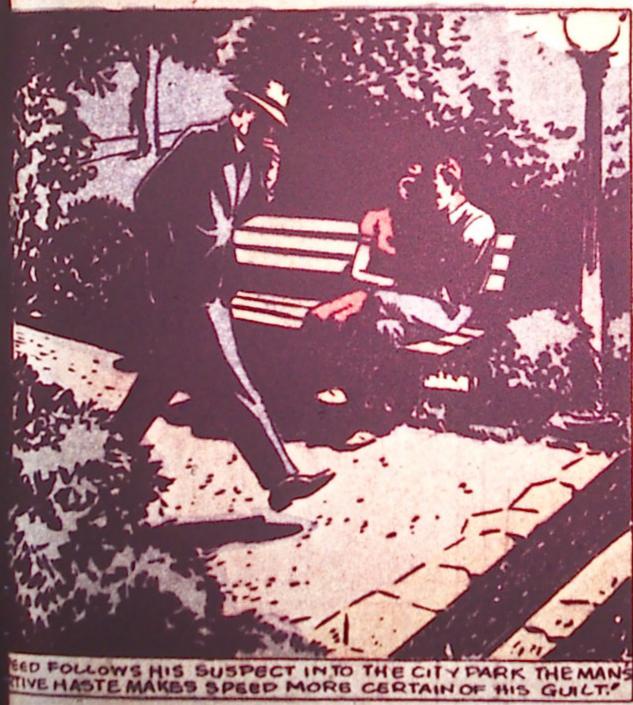
SADDLE A SHOT RINGS OUT!



SPEED SAUNDERS TO THE TURE! - 1/





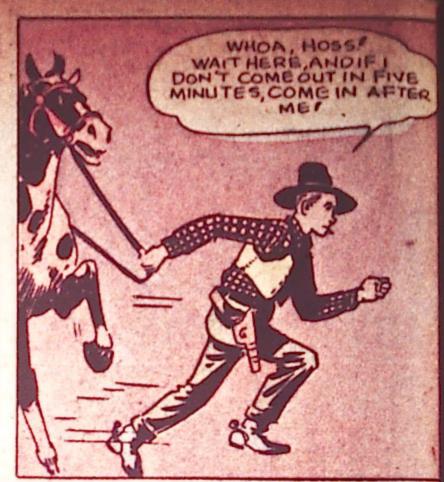












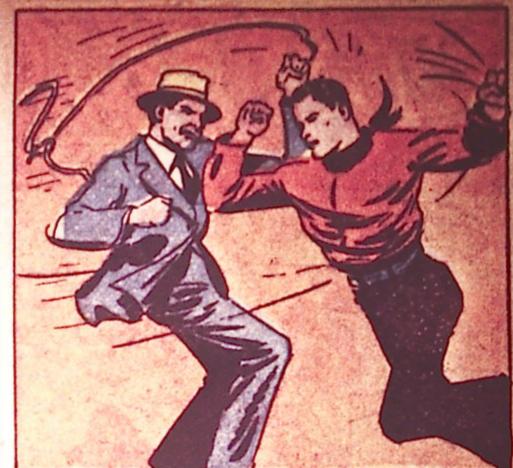








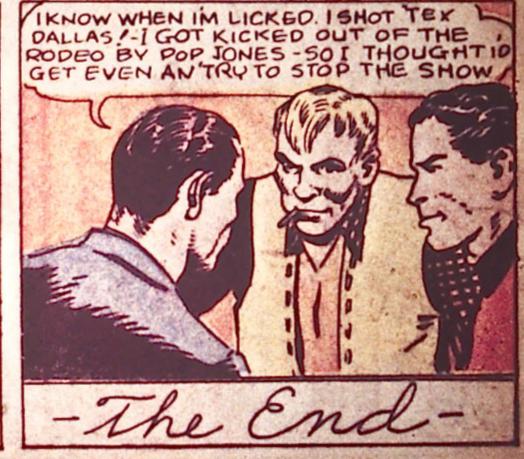














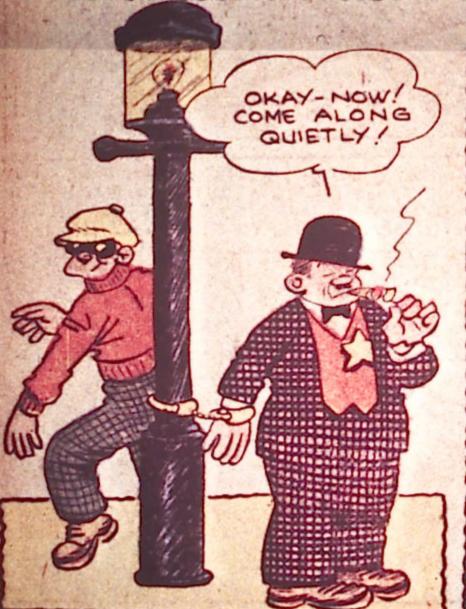
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE

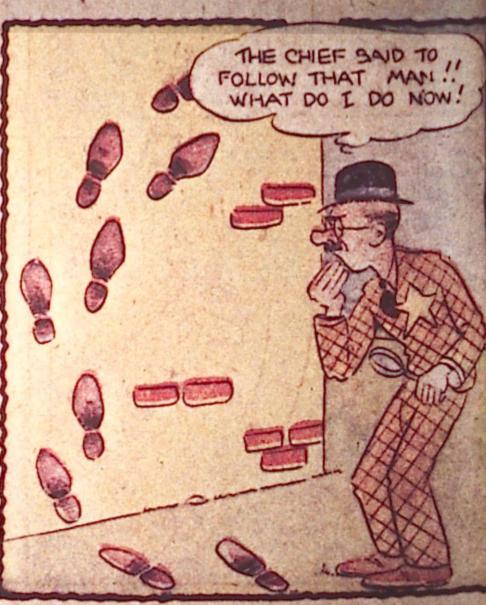
THE OUT TO CATCH

I'M GETTING PRETTY SICK OF YOU AND THAT MAGNIFYING-GLASS SCHULTZ! THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY GLASS IN IT FOR TWENTY YEARS!













NEXT MONTH

ALL YOUR FAVORITES WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN FAST-MOVING, HIGH-POWERED ADVENTURES, JUST THE SORT YOU ALWAYS FIND IN EVERY ISSUE OF

DETECTIVE COMICS





